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THE UNITARIAN

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FAITH'S FRUITION.

If yet, awhile, from earthly bonds Thou'lt not release;
If I must go,
Still stumbling, blindly striving t'ward Thy perfectness,
Still far below;
Where I would aid, though I but fall; where love and cheer,
As Thou dost know,
Though I but cause distress; if from a spot where seem'd,
For me, to grow
Rest, peace and happiness, Thou bid'st me turn aside,
All these forego;
Oh yet, my Father! if I struggle ever on,
When comes, at last, the word that summons to Thy side,
Where no earth-mist the wishes on Thy face can hide,
Ah! surely even I shall hear "O feeble one,"—
Yes, then, in the full hour that brings my soul's flood-tide,—
"O child, within the very heart of Love abide."

John P. Hubbard, Jr.

Elbert, Colo.

CHRIST ON HIS ENTRANCE INTO HIS LIFE-WORK.

A Sermon, by Rev. Stopford W. Brooke, Boston, Mass.

It is a strange moment when, after the first great solitary self-reliant effort of life, we return to the old places of our youth. They seem the same and are yet so different. The mountains are indeed still there upon the horizon, and almost the same clouds above them; the sea still breaks with its old, slow roar on the distant beach; we recognize tree after tree along the road, as we climb the hill at evening to look down upon the little town beneath; the bustle of its daily business, the old houses and former acquaintance, the blacksmith amid the fires of his forge,—we see them all again. But still the scenes are changed. They look at us now with a graver, more serious aspect. For some men, indeed, they wear nothing but a rebuke. Every house seems to whisper failure; every eye looks reproach; each remembered scene of childhood and youth is a sad reminder of better days. And, bitterly regretting their return to the old home, they leave it again immediately for less terrible spots.

It is needless to say that this was not the temper in which Christ revisited Nazareth. "In the power of the spirit he returned into Galilee." As he walked, therefore, up the street, it was with the step of one who had indeed conquered the temptations of life. As he gazed from the summit of the hill upon Carmel, the spirit of the second Elijah, whom he had seen by the Jordan, from his prison bade him be of good hope. As he looked upon the famous battlefield of Esdraelon at his feet, his heart grew stern and strong with the thought of the spiritual war he had resolved to wage against the evil in the Pharisee and the zealot. It had emerged indeed triumphant out of all the heavy experience of the last few months. And now, with the past of childhood and youth behind him, with no cloud of sin between himself and God his Father, with all the courage and hope and faith of one at peace with his own personality, he was about to found that society which, spreading like the grain of mustard seed, was to regenerate his nation and the world.

We might go on to consider how he did this, to speak of the cold opposition he met with in his native place, of his first great successes in Galilee, of the early disciples he gathered round himself, of their character, and of his

commands to them. But let us pause instead to bring home to ourselves this spirit in which he began the work of his manhood. We, indeed, are different, very different from him. None of us can look back upon so divine a life as his; our hopes for the future are weighted with the memory of past mistakes and sins as his were not. But yet we often allow these matters to trouble us far too much. And Christ would be the first to bid us forget them and, trusting as he did in God, go forward to a better life. Let us imagine him speaking to us now, and view our hindrances with his merciful eyes.

What then are these hindrances? One is that of regret for our past youth itself, another that of the influence of overmastering personalities, another that of remorse, another that of half-heartedness.

Consider them separately. Who of us has not felt in early manhood the regret of losing his youth? He looks back at that comparatively untroubled time when hope was boundless and joy unlimited, when the world seemed to lie at his feet and success to be the easiest thing in life; he remembers the delight of its romance and dreams. And then a great regret steals over his soul. Why could he not remain there forever? Why is that early intensity and zest gone?

"Whither has fled the visionary gleam?
Where is it now, the glory and the dream?"

Some begin even to think themselves, as they brood over the past, half-guilty because of its loss. In these unmanly moments let us turn to Christ. He no doubt felt the same regrets. He knew, on his return to Nazareth from the baptism of John and out of the moral desert of temptation, that his youth was gone. The old place looked, as we have seen, very different to him. There was now the eternity of God, and the struggle of life with its uncertainty, speaking to him out of hill and cloud and the common sights and sounds of every day life. But still we hear of no regret. What though the romance and the dream were gone! The loss was yet only natural and left room in his life for better things. He had instead the future before him,—a great cause and work for it engaged now all his thoughts,—he resolved to make the very best he could of it, to serve God more truly and entirely in it, to make the life of mankind happier and better and truer and nobler and braver.

Let us baptize ourselves in that great spirit. Bury vain regrets for the past, consecrate yourselves to the future, endeavor to make your life like his, extend the coming Empire of Truth and Justice and Purity and Compassion, in your family and profession.

Another hindrance that besets us in the first moments of manhood is the influence of others. Youth, it has been said, is a time of imitation. And it is right that it should be this. Our own personality is then far more vague than determined. And we can only develop it by reaching out after other personalities that attract us and by becoming like them for a time. Our early work, views, and hopes, therefore, are not worth much, except to ourselves. They are but an echo of some one else, as Christ was an echo of John. This is, as I said, quite natural and right. But still, if we are to do good work in the world, we must appropriate only to become more ourselves. That was the result of Christ's intercourse with John. At first he has nothing to say beyond: "Repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand;" and, even later in life, many of his phrases and similes, and the character of his sternness, recall John. But still, during his first few months in Galilee, he shook himself free from that powerful influence. He had absorbed John, indeed, but was yet very different from him. He spoke now of "Blessed are the pure in heart," "Thy sins are forgiven;" he brought the love of God home to men; he was compassionate as John was not.

Let us remember this part of Christ in early manhood, and, indeed, all through life. Appropriate by all means from others,—their spirit, their words, their thoughts; but receive only that you may give out eventually a wider, fuller, deeper self. Do not let

them absorb your individuality; but keep, assert, and strengthen your own through their influence on you. It is *you* God wants; it is *you* who are his child; it is *you* he loves. And it is nothing else but *you* that he means to have. Give him then your whole self.

Another hindrance to our manly development is that of remorse for the sins of the past. Remorse is a terrible drag on the the lives of all of us. Often, because men make their ideals too impossible, it broods only over fancied sins; often it drives men into sacrifices which, however much we may admire the spirit in them, are yet as fatal mistakes as Abraham's sacrifice of his son would have been; sometimes it plunges a man into despair and suicide, and a young life that had much good in it—or at least the hope of retrieval in the future—vanishes into the judgment-hall of God. Again many men who are kept from either of these fates, allow yet their remorse so to weigh on them that they come to think they can never free themselves from this sin or that. They never escape from that haunting shadow of past impurity, or past idleness, or past temper, or past cowardice. Sinners once, they must, therefore, be sinners always. Now God forbid that I should counsel any man to make light of his past sins. The remorse for them points, except when it is morbid, to wild, untamed impulses in his life; and his failures in the past are to be taken very gravely and seriously as warnings from God, as proof that there *is* a Stern Judge on human life working in the solitude of men's hearts.

But still they are never a reason for our losing all trust in ourselves. The world is indeed often very hard on sins; it can tolerate but not forgive; its kindness is the kindness of sloth, and, when, therefore, it punishes, it is cruel sometimes as a tiger. But that was not our Master's way. With the indignation of his mercy there went also deep, unbounded compassion. He looked on those the Pharisee condemned—on Zaccheus branded as an outcast yet doing his best to lead a just life, on the woman taken in adultery and used by her detestable captors for a test case of his worth as a moral judge; he penetrated to the good deep down in their lives; he knew when men were really weary and then how weary they were of punishment and reproach; and then he, in whose presence all the sinful found rest, bade them forget their past. And so mighty was the spirit of his healing—restoring trust in their diviner impulses—that they felt themselves freed from the burden of the past. The good life seemed at last the only natural life; and, with a new courage and faith in themselves and the mercy of God, they began to climb thenceforth the stony way into that heaven which is upon earth.

That mercy still lives for all remorseful lives. God believes with all his heart in every one of us. He punishes not forever, but only that he may retrieve. We are all his children—brothers and sisters one of another. Bury your past then, let us help each other to bury our past, not in the bitter graves of morbid brooding or of a fatal mistake or of despair, but in the calm, glad resolve for another life. Let us awake out of death into life. You can change, you must change, you will change. The future is before us all as it was before Christ now in Nazareth.

Another hindrance that besets us is half-heartedness as we look forward. This, like regret for youth, like its imitative quality, is also natural. No sensible person expects to find in early manhood the concentration, the steady persistence, the sure judgment, the comprehensive grasp, the unvarying power of maturer age. Our one duty of life has not yet come to wear its serene smile of welcome; and, if it had, the result might be—what it sometimes is—hardness and lack of recuperative power and of unselfish affections in later years. Ambition would have stunted the man's largeness and depth of nature. But still we have to shape out the lines on which is to be reared the future structure of life. Fancy must become imagination, discursiveness settled powers, ardor a steady and constant flame of resolve.

It is out of all half-heartedness that the vision of our Master in Nazareth summons us now. Its chief source is over-anxiety, and all the timorous, halting, small morality this encourages. We spend half our time in fighting imaginary foes, in suspecting evil intentions where there are none, in mourning over a greatness we have not and shall perhaps never have, in probing again and again into the past to see once more if we have done wrong, in listening with ears as long as those of an ass to what everybody says about us, in despairing because we are not in six months the tree whose growth is that of years, in nursing our own proud and sensitive self-consciousness. Over-anxiety—over-anxiety—with its timidities and its excessive caution, and its mean resolves, and its careful servitude to the opinion of others—ah! of how many lives does it not ruin—has it not ruined the first bright promise?

Let us turn from this fearful spirit to Christ and his thoughts now in Nazareth. Was he over-anxious? Did he look painfully into the future? Was he busy forestalling possible failure, and pain, and opposition, and hatred, and a shameful death? Certainly not. He knew that his future course must offend others; he marked the chill reception from his friends in Nazareth; he foresaw the opposition of the orthodox, and the pious, and of the defiant spirits who followed Judas the Galilean, and advocated rebellion. Yes! he knew he was the leader in what might prove a most desperately forlorn hope. But still "No man having put his hand to the plough and looking back is fit for the kingdom of God," "He that hath lost his life hath found it,"—these were his guiding mottoes. Let us make them our own. Our Master's courage, our Master's hope and faith, his steady pressing forward into some new union with the boundless life of God,—let us work to make that spirit more and more ours. Forget your over-anxious past, place the kingdom of a firmer life before you as a purifying vision, seek righteousness and do your duty with all your heart and soul, and cast the burden of your other anxieties into the arms of God himself. Whatever befalls us then, he is still our mighty Friend and Father. We are not alone; God is with us.

Such, then, are some of the hindrances that beset early manhood. The burdens of remorse, of half-heartedness, of over-anxiety, of a vain lament over past mistakes, of regret for vanished youth, of the too powerful and dominating influence of others,—every man feels them and desires to be as free from the evil in them as Christ now was in Nazareth. What could we not do, what strength and wisdom, what aspiration and resolve, what a victory over the world with its temptations, what a triumph over suffering and pain and death, what an immortal life would then be ours! It is this best, deepest, purest prayer of our soul for freedom from all it mourns in the past that we have to make true in the future years. Through difficulty, through temptation, through trouble, through defeat and victory, we must grow like Christ and God. Is not our course like that of a river? Its sources are far away in the secret depths of some ancient hill. It plays at first a little trickling stream upon the grassy slopes, seeking hither and thither a way to the plains below. And soon its first purity vanishes. Mud and iron and vegetable decay, the solution of a hundred minerals, the washings of a thousand fields enter in and make its flow yellow and turbid. The change is good. "Innocence and ignorance that were never worth much are gone." Now the river moves with a greater volume of waters; its banks are wider; its current stronger and more fertilizing; heavier burdens are borne on its breast; it spreads an ampler surface to the rains of heaven; it receives from all the surrounding country; it mirrors town and village as it passes by; it is the friend of a multitude of men lying dead in the churchyard or living by its side. But not yet can it rest. The river must still gather, still help and be helped, be enriched and enrich, still conquer many difficulties, still grow in volume and depth. Not here, nor there, lies its home, but in the far-off,

sounding, mysterious ocean, the great salt sea out of which its first rains came, the deep, infinite ocean to which it must return.

Shall not our course be like that of the river? Shall we lament the past and not go forward? Shall our current be lost in some still lake or desert sands? —I speak to the followers of Christ.— No! the channel dug for us by him and other redeemers of mankind—we follow that. Our look is no longer backward, but forward. We lose one life that we may find another. And through all hindrances, through the dark valley of death, we pass at sunset, redeemed, enlarged and purified, into that deep ocean of the love of God which is our source, our strength, and our eternal home.

THE REAL JESUS.

The suggestion contained in the title of this study is definitely intended. The Jesus of the accredited creeds, and of the general Christian imagination, is not the Jesus of the Gospels. He is the product of a kind of evolution, turning upon another evolution—the evolution of a dominant party or prepossession in the Church. This is, of course, a somewhat daring statement, considering the great array of believers on the other side; but the evidential importance of that array of believers is enormously modified when we look a little closer, and discover that vast numbers of those who appear among the professed believers in the ecclesiastical Jesus, really hardly know what they believe, or actually know that they believe no longer in the mystical God-man of the creeds. But, in any case, numbers and authorities can never justify traditions, nor close inquiry; and when we are told that we are in a minority, and comparatively obscure, we may comfort ourselves with remembering that the Christian religion took its rise amongst a few homely working men, and in an upper room.

The Jesus of the accredited creeds, and of the general Christian imagination, can be described in a few words: —He was, primarily, the Almighty God; but he was also a man;—not a real man, because he had no earthly father, and because his essential Deity must have made his human faculties entirely different from those of ordinary men, and placed them in an entirely unique relation to external things; not a real man, also, because his body could rise from the dead, and ascend into Heaven, where it is now—but whether as the body of God, or of a man apart from God, we are never told. But we are assured that he was a real man,—really man as well as God. Well, then, where is the real man Jesus? A real man has an immortal soul. Is there anywhere in the Universe the immortal soul of Jesus? If not, what has become of it? But, if, anywhere in the Universe, the immortal Jesus lives, what is his relationship to God,—the one only God, of whom he said, "He sent me"?

All this is terribly confusing; and suggests contradictions and impossibilities which are never met, except with the plea of "mystery," and with that protest of awed deprecation which solves nothing but hushes everything. But, in this study, we have nothing to do with these contradictions and impossibilities. We have only to do with the Gospels; and what I assert is that any one may find the real Jesus there. The reason why the majority do not find him there is because they read many other things besides the Gospels, and because they have inherited, and under extreme pressure have received, a picture which, during many generations, was evolved, not out of the Gospels, but out of a curious combination of subtile philosophies, imaginative criticisms, fanciful speculations, and desperate contentions; and it was the product of these questionable elements and influences that ascended the throne with the popes and monarchs who, between them, governed Christendom; and that now, to-day, maintains at least the semblance of authority in the Christian world. Truly, we may say: They have taken away our brother, and we know not what they have made of him.

But pass beyond popes and monarchs, priests and prelates, creeds and speculations, and what do we find? We find the Gospels with a picture which no

one, who could be left alone with it, would be likely to mistake.

First of all, however, what are these Gospels? They are composite works. They embody traditions, choice sayings, popular stories, devout and almost adoring recollections, and attempts to present the master as he lived, when it was no longer possible to do without loving imaginations. Hence, the Gospels themselves are not without difficulties; but the difficulties explain themselves; and the one explanation is that the writers of the Gospels had to make use of every aid, and of ever inner sense, to make even their little stories complete. For instance, it is not possible to believe that the Sermon on the Mount was, as we say, reported, or that the wonderful prayer in the seventeenth chapter of John's Gospel was written down at the time. How, then, were these fundamental records obtained? The answer is plain. They are devout compilations, traditions, recollections, idealizings. The writers did their best to present the beloved teacher as they thought he ought to be presented.

In such circumstances, we must expect difficulties, and, to some extent, inconsistencies,—the inconsistencies that would arise from the different temperaments, capacities, and points of view of the various writers. And this is precisely what we find. And yet there is, in the main, a wonderful agreement between them. Here and there we come across a mysterious phrase bearing traces of a desire to elevate the beloved one into a unique sphere of spirituality or authority; but he is everywhere presented as a simple-hearted, humble, trusting man, above all things conscious of his dependence upon the Father, and glowing with a burning desire to know his will and do it.

The real Jesus, then, was a good and loving man, whose affectionate nature led him to put aside all the objects of human ambition, that he might champion the poor and console the wretched; whose intense humanity made it impossible for him to be content with the ceremonial religion of the day, backed up as it was by zealots, pharisees, formalists, and priests; and whose child-like trust in God made him an outcast, a heretic, and a radical religious reformer. So he became the friend and saviour of "publicans and sinners," the comforter of the lonely and bereaved, the good brother who blest the little children, the son of God who, in the dear Father's name, brought heaven's healing to earth's maladies, and God's mercy to man's sins. If God is the Creator of all things, he was, of course, the Creator of Jesus; if he is manifested in all his works, he was, of course, manifested in Jesus; and, if the manifestation of God in Jesus made him God in any sense, then, in that sense, everything is God; and, in that sense, God is always coming down to earth, and is always being incarnated in man.

There are indications that we have here the reconciling thought concerning Jesus. They who affirm that he was God confess that they are utterly unable to explain what they really mean. They fully admit that he was a real man, and that the being who was seen to walk the streets of Jerusalem, and who was nailed to the cross, was not the Almighty God. All they say is that, in some mysterious and entirely undefinable way, that being was also God. God, they say, "dwelt in him," so as to make him both God and man. But how little do we know of the personality of God! It is a mystery past all telling. We have neither the faculties nor the experience to warrant us in saying anything about it. But what we can do is to grasp the truth that the Almighty Creator of us all is, in some way, at the very source of our life. Jesus himself taught us to call him our Father; and Paul said that in him we all live, and move, and have our being; and did not Peter say that we also are made "partakers of the divine nature"? All this takes us very near the affirmation made respecting Jesus, that God dwelt in him, and that he was the manifestation of God in the flesh. It seems to come to this: that God is manifesting himself in all things, as their essential life and purpose and law; that he is indeed the infinite and omnipresent one,

from whom nothing is excluded; that each created object, from a chrysalis to a Christ, reveals God in its degree—expresses, that is to say, as much of the divine thought, intention, and law, as it is able to express. In that sense, indeed, Jesus may fitly be recognized as God and man; but it is only a matter of degree.

His own explicit teachings all point to this. He made himself, indeed, of "no reputation." Never did son so entirely surrender himself to the Father. Was not that the secret of the indwelling of God in him, or, as Paul put it —that "it pleased the Father that in him should all fulness dwell?" Jesus himself invariably put it so. Such sayings as these abound:—"My meat is to do the will of Him that sent me, and to finish His work." "I am not come of myself, but He that sent me is true, whom ye know not. But I know Him, for I am from Him, and He hath sent me." "And He that sent me is with me; the Father hath not left me alone: for I do always those things that please Him." "I can of my own self do nothing. As I hear, I judge; and my judgment is just; because I seek not mine own will, but the will of the Father who hath sent me." "For I have not spoken of myself; but the Father who sent me, He gave me a commandment, what I should say, and what I should speak: and I know that His commandment is life everlasting. Whatsoever I speak, therefore, even as the Father said unto me, so I speak." In all these sayings what do we see but the picture of a man who is conscious only of his dependence upon God, and who is supremely anxious to do his will?

If any thoughtful and unsophisticated person could come to the Gospels for the first time, uninfluenced by inherited traditions buttressed by threats of punishment for unbelief, it would never occur to him that the being there pictured was anything but a good man. Such a person might perhaps be somewhat puzzled with an occasional phrase, but, on the whole, he would feel that the picture was luminous and a unity. He would say: "Here is the life of one who began his career with the resolve to be about his Father's business, and who ended it by committing his spirit into that Father's hands." He would say: "This good man never seemed to assert himself, or he asserted himself only as the messenger of the Father who was all in all to him. He prayed to God: he said he came from God: he declared that all his power came from God: he said that he was nothing in himself, and even protested against being called 'good' when the name of God could be introduced." Such a person would further see that Jesus was intensely conscious of his weaknesses, and very open to hours of depression and sadness; and that, at the end, he even broke down with agony and despair, under the feeling that even God had forsaken him. Such a person, looking upon such a picture, and not preoccupied by the traditions, afterthoughts, and imaginations of eighteen hundred years, would receive with amazement the suggestion that this Jesus was himself the Almighty God; and, if the suggestion came to him for the first time, he would probably think that he who suggested it was unaccountably ignorant or religiously insane.

The last statement is not too strong; for nothing but familiarity with the idea indicated prevents us from feeling that to worship the Jesus of the Gospels as the Almighty God, in the face of all he did and said, is a kind of religious insanity, which only escapes being insanity because what is called faith in Jesus as God, is, in reality, only a formality or a habit,—a gliding on in company with a tradition, and is in no sense a really original belief at all.

The real Jesus is an historical character who takes his place in human history because he was a man. He is our great example, and our great inspirer, because he was a man. He conquered death by showing us that no one dies, that the grave cannot hold the immortal spirit; and he did this because he was a man. He is in heaven now, our glorious risen brother, because he was a man. In this way he becomes real to us: no longer a miracle, a mystery, a hopeless

puzzle; but a messenger from God, a revealer of man, the great leader of the world's redeeming spirits in every age.

The real Jesus, thus understood, is brought livingly near to us. He stands for something, then, as one of us. He is, in very deed, "the son of man." He belongs to humanity, and represents humanity. He is the revealer of God because, as he said, the Father taught him and sent him; and he is the revealer of man because he sets forth, in his own person, the possibilities of man. Then all is clear. His oneness with God we can comprehend as signifying his complete surrender to his Father's will; and his identification of himself with his brethren in their dependence upon God we can comprehend, because he also belongs to the brotherhood as one who could say: "I go unto my Father and your Father, unto my God and your God;" and "I go to prepare a place for you," that "where I am, there ye may be also."

Those who may be startled by these statements should read the Gospels for themselves. There are thousands who have never really done that. They have inherited certain "views;" they have heard the Gospels read; they have perused verses or chapters in an unsystematic way; they know certain favorite texts by heart; but, strange to say, they have not read the Gospels as students, with open mind and a resolute desire to know the truth. If they would do so they would find the real Jesus, and would wonder that tradition and unquestioned dogma could so prevail to blind the eyes. Yes; the remedy is plain: *Read the Gospels for yourselves.*

JOHN PAGE HOPPS.

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A FULLER VIEW OF DEITY IN SCIENCE.

When anyone claims to have perceived God in any line of thought, I have no right to deny the truth of his claims until I have exercised equal desire, intellectual energy, and patience in search of God in the same line. One says he perceives what is to him conclusive evidence of God in the physiological action of the bioplasts in the formation of animal bodies. Another says he perceives God in the history and development of the human race. Another perceives him in the starry heavens; another, in the beauty and fragrance of the flowers. I am not warranted in denying that God may be clearly perceived in either of these lines of thought until I have exercised exactly the same subtle forces of intellect, sensibilities, and will as the adherent of that line of thought exercised in his efforts to find God. If God is omnipresent, it is reasonable to believe that he should be found in many or all of the avenues of investigation. To me, there is the most conclusive evidence of God in the doctrine of design; and yet this doctrine is sometimes distrusted or denied by adherents of other lines of theological thought.

Whether it was Mr. Darwin, or some one else, who announced to the world that there was something in evolution which satisfactorily accounted for the intelligent arrangement of matter in animal and vegetable forms without the element of mind, I am not positive.

Many people, without original and profound application to the problem, which is conceded not to be easy, tamely accepted the announcement as true; and this announcement, by the mere magnitude of its claims, has warded off and paralyzed investigation and thought upon the question: Is intelligence displayed in the arrangement of matter in animal and vegetable forms, or in the distribution of these upon the earth's surface? Evolution, so far as it maintains that animal and vegetable forms have developed from lower forms, will probably prove true, and a great stride in the problem of creation will here have been attained. But if it asserts that the intelligent, internal arrangement of matter in these forms has been accomplished by external circumstances, or by anything less than intelligence, it must retract from the assertion before it will be fully accepted and endorsed by the maturing judgment of the future. If the proposition of evolution, that external circumstances may modify the forms of animals and vegetables

without having power to produce their internal processes and formations, prove true, evolution and design will yet be wedded, and their legitimate progeny will be a clearer, grander, more ravishing revelation of God.

I think Dr. Wooldridge, in his article, "A Scientific Glimpse of Deity," published in the October number of the *Unitarian*, caught a true glimpse of God; but after following the "bioplasts" a certain distance, he prematurely abandoned, in deference to the claims of evolution, the royal line of thought which he had entered.

Let us follow the bioplasts further than Dr. Wooldridge did. Not only is intelligence manifested in the direction and location taken by them in the formation of a tissue, and in their absorption of suitable material to build it up, but the tissues and organs which they construct are intelligently arranged among each other. We will observe the formation of an arm from a portion of the egg. At an early stage of the development of the egg, a portion of its bioplasts arrange themselves into the form or outline of an arm. The bioplasts of the arm then subdivide further into bone substance and muscle substance, lying side by side, and possessing exactly opposite qualities, one being soft and contractile and the other hard and unyielding. The bioplasts of the muscle substance further arrange themselves into several distinct muscles, the leading muscle being the biceps, or the large muscle on the upper part of the arm. The bioplasts at the upper end of the biceps now diligently attach themselves to the upper part of the bone substance of the arm, and those at the lower end firmly attach themselves to the lower part of the bone substance of the arm. Is there any purpose, any intelligence, manifested in these acts of attachment? The muscle substance is contractile and its nature is to move anything to which it is attached. If we can discover that it will be practicable or possible for the muscle to move the substance or body to which the bioplasts attached themselves, intelligence in the act of attachment will begin to appear; as an intelligence in or above the attaching bioplasts may have contemplated moving the body to which the bioplasts were attaching themselves. If the bone substance remains stiff and inflexible throughout its whole length, we find that the muscle cannot move the body to which it is attached, and we discover no intelligence in the act of attachment. But, about midway of the bone substance of the arm, the bioplasts of the bone substance, by virtue of the intelligence which controls them, contemplate the action of the bioplasts at the ends of the muscle, and, acting in concert with them, form the joint of the elbow, which is completed, oiled, and ready for use by the time the bioplasts at the ends of the muscle have firmly attached themselves, and the muscle has drawn sufficient contractile power from the nutrient fluid to operate the hinge formed. The body to which the bioplasts attached themselves is thus made movable, and the purpose and intelligence in the act of attachment is plain.

Meanwhile the bioplasts at the outer end of the arm, conscious of the purpose of producing a prehensile, motor instrument, which is proceeding at the elbow and in the attachments of the biceps muscle, conspire, by the intelligence which controls them, in perfecting and extending the use of this instrument, and arrange themselves into several rods of bone and strips of muscle, which are to compose the hand. The bioplasts at certain points along these strips of muscle now detach themselves from each other, forming distinct muscles, and attach themselves at points on the rods of bone. As in the attachments of the biceps muscle, these attachments at numerous places on the rods of bone would be purposeless and unintelligent to us if the rods remained stiff and inflexible. But, like the bioplasts at the elbow, the bioplasts of the bone substance lying between the two attachments of any muscle perceive the processes of attachment which are taking place, and separate from each other and form a joint unerringly between the two attachments of a muscle, showing that intelligence controls the formation.

Some of the bioplasts of a joint, by the intelligence which controls them, foresee the use to which the joint will be put in the future, and arrange themselves in such a position and make themselves of such a substance, as to be able to secrete oil from the blood and pour it over the joint through life.

The bioplasts in the formation of one of these joints, or in the attachment of one of these muscles, must not only have perceived the action of the bioplasts in the attachments of the muscle, or in the formation of the joint with which they are most intimately connected, but they must also have perceived the attachments of muscles and the formation of joints in all the cases of the arm and hand; for a conspiracy, a oneness of purpose, is manifest in them in producing one thing—the prehensile, motor instrument of the arm and hand.

Volumes might be written in further tracing this intelligence with mathematical precision in the interior of animal and vegetable forms. To say that these internal formations and adaptations are produced by the external future circumstances of the forming creature; or through inheritance by the external circumstances past or present of its ancestry; or by anything else than the internal circumstance of a divine intelligence, seems to the present writer untenable and preposterous.

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UNITARIANISM NOT NEGATIVE BUT POSITIVE.

Undoubtedly Liberal Christians have denied much, but they have denied *in order to affirm;* as hardy pioneers have swept away forests, not from the love of destruction, but in order that they might renew the face of the earth with a *nobler husbandry.*

1. *In regard to God.* We are asked to believe that God exists in three Persons, and at the same time we are told that the term Person is not used here in the ordinary sense, and no satisfactory explanation is given us of the sense in which it is used. We reply with the question: Why in three Persons only? And we make the broad assertion that Deity is not confined within numbers, but that he is the Infinite, the All-including. Many limit the creative work of God to six days. We believe that as he did once create, so has he ever been creating, so does he now create. Multitudes believe that he takes account of laudation and praise, and that where supplication is importunate enough he can be induced to change his plans. We picture him as immeasurably above the fickleness, jealousy and pride of frail humanity.

The Heavenly Father is often represented as loving some and hating others, as needing to be reconciled to those who have sinned, and as unable to accept their penitence without the suffering of the penalty due them by one who is innocent. We are sure that God's love —not his approval, but his love—extends over all; that the transgressor is the only one who needs reconciliation, and that sincere repentance takes down every barrier between the wrong-doer and the pardoning smile of the Eternal Father. In the view of the majority, God's kingdom is a divided one, Satan winning to his malign control the larger portion of humanity. We think of God as One who is all-powerful, to whom none can say "Check;" and instead of portraying him as sitting on a lofty throne, infinitely remote from earth and all human interests, we try to think of him as a present and all-pervading Power and Love, the immanent Providence of the world. Is this merely a negative faith concerning God?

2. *As to Jesus, the Christ.* Our convictions present him as more fully and more helpfully an example for us than he could possibly be were he the Deity masquerading in human guise. For, in our judgment, he was actually tempted as we are tempted, he suffered in fact and not merely in show, he really died. We believe him to be "the Son of God," not by virtue of a lineage or an inheritance in which there would lie no merit, but by virtue of a likeness to the divine character, which he won in many a manful conflict with evil. And as a savior

we believe him to be indeed what he is called, "the savior of the world," and not merely the savior of a meager fraction of mankind. Are such views to be condemned as mere negations?

3. *As to the Holy Spirit.* The majority seem convinced that the Holy Spirit acts in an erratic, inconstant and spasmodic manner, now here, now there, according to the movements of the successful revivalist, and that the Bible contains all the compositions that owe to it their origin. We believe, on the other hand, in a vaster work of the Holy Spirit, taking that phrase to mean the divine energy manifest among men. We are confident that it is not limited nor sporadic in its action, that it is not here to-day and there to-morrow; but that it is universal and permanent, recognized more clearly under some circumstances than under others, perhaps, still, in itself, as constant and incessant in action as God himself; that it is a present agency in the world, and that the results of its working appear to-day sometimes in deeds, sometimes in spoken words, and sometimes in writings; and that the divine message would be oftener recognized in our own time were more hearts attuned to the heavenly harmonies. Does not this include more, rather than less, than the popular doctrine?

4. *As to Man.* The theory which appears to us a "system of negations" is that which denies that there is in man any natural goodness, which insists that he is "totally defiled in all the parts and faculties of soul and body," which goes on to deny that human reason is a fit tribunal for the investigation of religious truth, and which ends by denying to the great majority of men any hope of happiness beyond this short earthly career. The theory which affirms, on the contrary, with the Apostle Paul, that "we are God's offspring," and maintains that God has given us ability to discern his truth, and that he would have us use that ability, and that God will carry on to perfection the work begun in our creation, so that the last and least of us shall finally praise him for existence,—this theory, setting forth the broadest, brightest and most hopeful views, is certainly the very opposite of a system of denials.

5. *As to Inspiration.* We do not limit inspiration to a score or two of saints of the olden time, or to the noble volume in which their writings are enshrined. Whatever is inspiring is by that fact proved to us to have come from a lofty inspiration. We find much moral and religious truth even in the books held sacred in China, India, and Persia. We notice that the Apostle Paul gave his sanction to the utterance of a Greek poet: "For we also are His offspring." We cannot think such truth to have been given to the world utterly without divine impulse. Is not this emphatically an affirmative belief?

6. *As to Sin and its Consequences.* If we do not apply to men such language as "totally defiled in all the parts and faculties of soul and body," neither do we charge back upon Adam the sin which we do find in men. We mean by the guilt of men, not an inherited condition, but something for which they are personally guilty, something which cannot be transferred to another by any moral or spiritual legerdemain, something which is under God a cause of suffering and loss, built into the elements which make up a man's life and character and fate; and we have no idea that "accepting the atonement" will break the chain which binds together evil cause and sad effect. Only as new and better causes are established, to be followed by happier consequences, can the old and bitter results of past transgressions be overcome. Surely then we do not belittle sin or its penalties.

7. *As to the Judgment.* Without portraying this in the lurid light of the mediæval theology, or administering the opiate of a postponement of it to a remote future, we teach that it is incessant. Wherever truth stands over against falsehood, wherever purity rises up before vileness, wherever disinterested love is set in contrast with covetousness and hardness of heart, there is judgment. As an actual fact it is ever-present, while "the revelation of the righteous judgment of God" occurs

whenever the soul is aroused and awakened to see its real condition.

8. *As to the Atonement.* We deem it to be a reasonable and just process by which the heart of man is actually purified. It is a real harmonizing of the human soul with the divine will, a true at-one-ment, and not a species of spiritual chicanery, breaking the connection between antecedent and consequent. Its aim is to do more than shield from suffering: it is to prevent sin, and in its scope it is meant to cover not a select few merely, but the whole family of man, and its efficacy will some day prove complete. Through it, ultimately, that salvation will be attained which is more than security from the hell of the popular imagination, more even than immunity from sin; that salvation which is not only holiness but wholeness—the perfecting of the whole man in all the powers and faculties of his complex nature. Thus we believe humanity will at length attain its heaven,—humanity, and not a pitiful fraction of it,—a heaven which admits of no evasions, subterfuges or transfers, which no man can enter until it has entered him.

With these convictions in mind then, when complaint is made of the insufficiency of Liberal Christianity to meet the claims of God's truth and the needs of the human soul; when it is charged that it does not go far enough, and is negative rather than positive, we insist, as we think with good and sufficient reason, that on all these theological themes of supreme moment it goes farther and includes much more than orthodoxy itself.

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THE NEW UNIVERSALISM.*

By President O. Cone, D. D.

Mr. Frederick Harrison, the prominent and accomplished English Positivist, has recently declared all religious systems abortive which lay claim to a theological basis, now that the postulates of the old theology have been abandoned. These ancient foundations having crumbled, there remains nothing on which to build any other religion than the Religion of Humanity. If we will not accept the old theologies, we must, if we would be logical, bid farewell to all transcendental doctrines and found our religion upon experience. We may thus hope to "find solid ground in Comte's conception of humanity as a practical Providence and in the service of man as the practical sum of religion." The great founders of Christian theology, Mr. Harrison tells us, such men as Gregory, Augustine, and Anselm, built up a logical theodicy. But it falls to pieces when its great central doctrines have tumbled down; and now when the liberal thought of the present day attempts to "transmogrify" and modernize this system, its work is nothing but "a mass of incoherence and contradiction." Our remorseless critic is nothing if not "practical." His "practical Providence" we have seen to be humanity, and his "practical sum of religion" the service of man. He accordingly proceeds to demand of modern liberal theology what it "practically" means by creation, heaven, salvation, atonement, and judgment, since it has repudiated the Augustinian interpretation of these terms. If it will have a God, he wants to know whether it is the God of Battles, of Abraham, of David, of Calvin, of Dean Mansel, or of Herbert Spencer. If in these modern times we will have a heaven as a future state of happiness, he not only calls on us to declare whether or no it is that of Dante and Milton, and what its occupations are to be, whether unending hallelujahs or active exertion, but even denies the possibility of a heaven at all without "something like a hell." If we deny the Dantean and Miltonic devil we cannot, it appears, logically maintain the existence of God or the life to come! All the old theology or no theology, is the hard alternative of this practical philosopher. He who does not accept the ancient systems of religious belief in their integrity and with all their logical joints and ligaments, will be able, labor as much as he may,

*A sermon preached before the late Universalist General Convention at Lynn, Mass.

to produce nothing but "a welter of incongruities." This man, who has rejected the Christian religion and frequently takes occasion in his brilliant way to call in question its fundamental doctrines, feels called upon even to raise a cry of alarm. It can do nothing but harm to Christianity, he laments, thus to "patch up a plausible proof of isolated dogmas of supernaturalism," after having rejected the great orthodox tenets.

All this, regarded in connection with words which we frequently hear from another source, is a fine illustration of the meeting of extremes. This declaration that nothing is left if a part is abandoned, this warning of danger coming up from the headquarters of the little army of Positivists—how do they have the familiar accents of a voice and a cry, old and forever new, which have been flung up from the strongholds of conservatism at those who have attempted to change the foundations of religious belief? The assumption which underlies all this declamation and warning is that progress in theology is precarious if not impossible; that all reconstruction of religious belief is hazardous; and that to abandon doctrinal positions long ago assumed and held, is virtually to surrender the whole fortress of faith. One might as well say at once, and Mr. Harrison actually implies as much, that wisdom died with the ancients. The great founders of Christian theology, such men as Augustine and Aquinas, were "men of mighty intellect," he tells us, and evidently wishes us to draw the inference that all attempts to improve upon the work of these giants must be abortive. His proposition no student of the great works of these thinkers will deny, but the inference which he wishes drawn, few who have read the history of religious opinions will accept. The achievements of many modern scholars in theology are incontestably great, even when compared with those of the ancients, and stand in inexpugnable strength. Few would venture to attack the exegetical principles of Semler or Meyer, yet Augustine would have held them in horror. Even so conservative a critic of the Old Testament as Bleek would have incurred an anathema from Aquinas, and Holtzmann's Introduction to the New Testament would have been burned with its author in the time of Anselm. Yet the conclusions of these scholars and of numerous others of their general way of thinking may be regarded as established and secure from successful attack. Wisdom did not die with the ancients, and, in learning, the moderns are far in advance of them. No one will dispute this who is able to appreciate the acumen and penetration of Schleiermacher, the vast research and intellectual grasp of Dorner, the monumental learning of Baur, the fine scholarship and discrimination of Keim, the clear, spiritual insight of Channing, and the profound philosophy of Martineau. These men have produced theological classics which will be read and admired when Augustine shall be no longer read. Yet this great founder of a colossal and awful theology would have recognized no one of them as a Christian.

The doctrines of a mechanical God wholly transcendent to nature, of a mechanically inspired revelation, of total depravity, of the deity of Christ, of a vicarious atonement, and of human destiny arbitrarily determined and fixed in states of endless bliss and pain, were no doubt worthy to be called "great" in the logical consistency with which they were built up and the intellectual power with which they have been for ages illustrated and defended. But regarded from the point of view of the growing and changing religious wants of men, of a sound philosophy, of a developed historical criticism and Biblical knowledge; tested by experience, by civilization, by the natural affections, by the human soul in its struggle with sin, its actual attainment of salvation and its humane aspirations—in a word, brought before the judgment seat of an advanced culture—they are found not to be great at all, but to be wanting in all that constitutes both greatness and fitness. There is, then, a presumption at the outset in favor of our finding that the fragments which re-

main after the crumbling of these colossal systems of belief are sufficient to serve forth an ample spiritual feast.

Beginning with the doctrine of God, if we dismiss from our belief the conception of him as existing apart from nature, holding a sort of oriental court somewhere in space; as jealous, capricious, dealing like a schoolmaster with a "peculiar people," now remonstrating with them, now stirring up a foreign nation to scourge them; as leaving the world generally to itself, but now and then violently interfering with the natural order; as rewarding and punishing in the most arbitrary way, granting prosperity and large families as the reward of righteousness and sending a blight upon the fields and decimation upon families as the punishment of sin—if we abandon this childish, Olympian, and alas! too prevalent modern Christian idea of God, let us hope that we may be able to find a theology to put in the place of it which shall be at least in some degree worthy to be called "great."

We are helped, in the first place, to this result by a philosophy which takes facts of psychology as its premises and proceeds to the interpretation of nature. The dictum that nature conceals God, because it shows us only forces operating blindly by necessity and "bound fast in fate," must be dismissed at the outset. Nature conceals God only to him who will not interpret its phenomena by the laws and principles of his own intelligence; and he who does not so interpret them throws away the key which would open to him their inmost secrets, and stands in the midst of their grandeur and beauty as one having eyes and seeing not. But he who carries his own intuition of causality to the interpretation of nature finds that God, far from being there concealed behind an impenetrable mask of fate, is manifested to open vision. This interpreter, this "privileged trustee of causality," who has himself carried into nature the sole principle by which it can be explained, finds himself in a marvelous scene where everything is informed with a spiritual meaning and life, and is palpitating with will and energy directed to ends and working out vast schemes of intelligence. Like Moses at the burning bush, he stands with wonder, not before a God descending upon the world, but in the very presence of an all-animating Divinity within the world, ever expressing himself in fresh surprises of transformation and in endless creative activities. And as in the flush of the flame-like bush the great Hebrew seer did not fail to catch a divine intimation, so, to this spiritual interpreter of nature, the immanent God reveals himself, flashing from the stars and exhaling from the flowers the energy of a will which expresses itself in majesty and in grace. Thus does man come into that sympathy with nature which, as Martineau finely says, "philosophy, deluded by its own abstractions, has rashly surrendered to the poet, but will have to beg back again whenever it returns into living relations with reality."

But this interpretation of the divine causation by our intuition of causality is measuring the infinite by the finite. Be it so, if God be infinite, and his infinity is an inference from the unproved and unprovable infinity of the universe. But since we are finite we can apply no infinite standards, and we must apprehend God by such faculties as we have, or he remains a blank, a nonentity. Either this, or the unknowable of Mr. Herbert Spencer. There is no alternative but the human interpretation of God or Agnosticism — that excessive modesty which brings men to dispense with philosophy, lest they should assume too much in applying to the divine realities the only measure which they possess. Neither let the cry of Anthropomorphism frighten us into the discarding of our philosophy. We must accept Agnosticism or Atheism, or profess belief in a God who is the embodiment of what is highest in ourselves, unless we will ascribe to him our lower qualities and powers. We must suppose him in some way to think, will, and love. We must believe him to design and work to ends. If we deny to him the attributes implied in these activities, we have left only pulseless and passive being, which does not even

cast a shadow upon the universe. Logically we must ascribe to him all our great spiritual attributes or none. Theodore Parker was never so illogical as when he taught that we may say that God "loves," but must not say that he "thinks."

The doctrine of the Divine Immanence cannot, of course, be established by argument, and in this respect it shares the fortune of all other theories of God. It is, however, only another expression for the divine omnipresence. A God who is outside the universe is one who has either discovered it, or created it and left it to itself, unless he be supposed to sustain and control it by sending his energy to it from some point in infinite space. But the idea of a Deity so remote commends itself neither to the thought nor to the religious sentiment of mankind. It is too mechanical to admit of a spiritual interpretation and too cold to move to love or worship. The idea, however, of omnipresence in action; of a Father's causality, will, and love permeating all, and coming to an infinite variety of expression in creations of order and beauty; of him whose omnipotence moves in the majestic circles of suns and planets, whose smile plays in the light on the dancing waves, whose whisper is in the rustle of the forest leaves, and whose peace is in the calm, deep bosom of the sky,—this brings God near to us and persuades us to trust and love. We feel beset behind and before, and a hand laid upon us. A divine Presence which hallows all enfolds us and commands our passions to repose.

From this point of view laws of nature are modes of the operation of the divine will; and however we may understand the relation of this will to natural forces, its distinction from them and its personality must be maintained. The essence of personality is will. This doctrine of the divine immanence logically excludes the distinction of natural and supernatural as commonly apprehended,—that is of two independent groups of powers, one of which may occasionally dominate the other and change its order. For if there is but one order, and that the divine order, there can be no question of interference. Nature without the divine will is a lifeless mass, and apart from the divine intelligence and causality its forces are aimless and chaotic. From this point of view, then, a miracle in the old sense of an interference with the natural order and an infringement on it, is unthinkable, since it would imply the infringement of the divine will by itself. We cannot, of course, set any limits to the power of this will and declare that it cannot do this or that, except that whatever it does must be in accordance with the highest wisdom, must be consistent with itself, that is, in harmony with a divine order, law, and purpose.

If the divine immanence be accepted as the true philosophy of God's relation to nature, it would be illogical to refuse to carry his activity over to the realm of human life and history. But here we must be careful to leave the human will its autonomy. To feel God as transcending nature, as in touch with our life, as breathing upon our spirits, as stirring our higher impulses, and disclosing realms of divine light and truth to our souls whenever we will open the door to his waiting presence, is, indeed, most favorable to piety, most inspiring to communion and worship. If we locate him in the infinite void, or even "see him in the sunshine and the rain and miss him in our thought, our duty and our love," the sense of our loneliness and of his remoteness and indifference will stifle our aspirations and cause the prayer to die upon our lips. If religion, as the greatest of modern theologians has said, is the sense of absolute dependence upon God, it can only exist in fulness, in complete nurture and activity, in him who thus feels himself encompassed by the divine presence. The Hebrew sage wrote not better than he knew, but what every religious soul knows by experience, when he wrote that "there is a spirit in man and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth him understanding."

It would appear, then, that we have a basis for a rational doctrine of inspiration and revelation, if we abandon the

old mechanical doctrine and admit that we have no literally infallible book. If the presence and activity of the divine spirit in the human soul are a reality, this spirit ought to be its own witness and to give unmistakable evidence of itself to all who have even in a small degree the gift of the "discernment of spirits." Mr. Harrison tells us that "the doctrine of revelation awaits the great assize of biblical criticism." It would appear that in his admiration of the old theology he cannot remove himself from its point of view. In fact, the assize which pronounced a judgment on revelation closed its session long ago, only to open it again whenever a new claimant of its suffrages shall appear. This assize is not an assemblage of scholars and critics weighing facts of history and archæology and scrutinizing texts, but the moral and spiritual judgment of mankind. It is the soul of man which hungers and waits for the word of God and knows when it is fed. The principle of judgment in this great assize of mankind is that laid down by the most intellectual as well as most spiritual of the apostles: "The things of the spirit of God are spiritually discerned." And does not experience teach us that he who cannot so discern them cannot be made to discern them at all, though one rose from the dead? To the great majority of religious men the things of the spirit of God do, indeed, come with their own sufficient evidence. Small would be the number of Theists if they were only such as have mastered the supposed logical proofs of the existence of God. There would be few Christians if the number of believers comprised only those who understand the so-called evidences of Christianity. Let us call the attention of men to those evidences of the word of God which are impregnable to the lower criticism and so high that the higher criticism is not high enough to reach them. The fact that God manifested himself to some great souls among the Hebrews in Mesopotamia, in Egypt, in the desert, in Canaan, does not depend on the genuineness of the Pentateuch, nor whether the water followed the rod of Moses from the smitten rock, nor whether the Jordan divided to make a way for Israel to pass; but that deathless divine word, carrying its own authentication, has made its way in the world, and the idolatry of the people, the cruelty and lust of David, the luxury and sensuality of Solomon, and the clamor and blood of internecine strife were not able to stay or smother it. There are some noble Psalms, for example, which are the rapt words of souls upon the mount of vision holding communion with the Divine Spirit. These bear their own witnesses to men in all ages who are capable of spiritual aspiration and worship, and to them it matters not whether critical research may show that these Psalms were written in the tent of David, in the halls of Solomon, by the rivers of Babylon, where some nameless breaking heart poured forth its sorrow or its hope, or in the brief pauses of fierce Maccabean conflicts. If God has not withdrawn himself from the world, if he has ever made his word known through any besides the great Son of Man, then was he so near to some of the Hebrew prophets that they caught the divine accent in many a living word. But what shall we say of the good sense and spiritual discernment of men who cannot believe in, and be lifted up and quickened by, the mighty words of these great seers until the higher criticism has settled the question of the authorship of Isaiah, the widow's barrel of meal and cruse of oil? Shall we refuse to be spiritually fed by a prophet until it is historically established that he was miracuously fed by ravens? If God spake to Buddah and Confucius (and who will say that he did not?) then we ask only for the *words* that we may test them, but pray do not encumber our judgment with a mass of reputed wonders of oriental legend.

If, then, God reveals himself in man, we need not concern ourselves greatly about "special" revelations. He reveals himself because he intends to do so, and all intention is special. If one man is moved in a greater degree than another by his spirit, or if in one peo-

ple it manifests itself as it does not in another, then it is because different conditions exist or have been provided in different men and peoples. It is not for us to sit in judgment on the methods of the divine administration of the spirit. The divine truth is open to the search of all, and the divine urgency presses along all the avenues of communication with human souls. The *subjective* factor in revelation, which is generally disregarded, must be emphasized in the interest of truth and of spiritual culture, and as accounting for the different degrees of illumination in the bearers of the divine word. The great law of spiritual life and revelation is that they who will find must seek. Though God is everywhere, he nevertheless awaits discovery. It is the spiritual soul, chastened by meditation and clarified by worship, which enters with sacred awe the realms of truth and brings forth the surprising revelations which were waiting there. He who waits on God finds God waiting for him, ready to heal his blindness; and at the touch of the all-quickening spirit the scales fall from his eyes and he is able to see into the heart of things and behold the truths which before were hidden from him and are unseen by all who have not his spiritual insight. Thus do the divine and human factors unite in revelation. Let no one stumble at the supernaturalism which is here implied. He who can see the causality of the immanent God in the evolution of a word or the bursting of a rose into bloom, may well acknowledge the agency of the transcendent God in the quickening and flowering of a soul into spiritual life. And why should not he who has reared the great mountains heavenward to mingle with the sky, also raise up great souls to commune with him above common levels, since through such alone can he reveal himself? These are but two modes of the operation of the same causal energy expressing itself in two different realms. Call it supernatural if you will, or rather name it a spiritual Power going forth to claim his own and shape it to his ends. The logic which would deny the hand of God in these results would shut him out of the world both of matter and of man. He who proclaims a supernatural Power asserts more miracles than are contained in all the theologies.

Let nothing which has been said in this discourse be construed as depreciative of the great works in historical criticism and interpretation which have adorned the present century. Many of them, and the most important, have been directed against a false theory which made the record the citadel of evidence; and to these we owe the gradual shifting of the grounds of belief, on which, I think, Christendom is to be congratulated. Now the record is coming more and more to be regarded as literature, as the human vehicle of the divine word, on which the truth of that word no more depends than the quality of light depends on theories of its transmission. The word transcends all writings. They were made for it, not it for them. There was no containing this word. It must come to expression, and would have made its way through the ages for the healing of the nations, had no books been written. We apply to it other tests than those which we apply to books. We bring it before the reason, the conscience, experience, the affections, and the more we do so, the more is our spiritual understanding made clear, our hearts purified and our lives transfigured. This discrimination of the two factors which have contributed to make the Bible, has been with so much ability and such good reasons pressed upon the attention of thinking men that they no longer take alarm at defects, discrepancies, or errors of history, science, and logic in the record. There are, accordingly, signs that the forced exegesis, harmonizing, allegorizing, and typologizing, which have for many centuries made biblical interpretation as a science impossible, are about to come to an end, among scholars at least.

"To the Bible men will return: and why? Because they cannot do without it. Because happiness is our being's end and aim, and happiness belongs to righteousness, and righteousness is revealed in the Bible."

GIORDANO BRUNO AND THE POPE'S ALLOCUTION.

A LECTURE BY REV. J. T. SUNDERLAND.

We read accounts in the papers, last June, of the dedication of a fine monument to Bruno, in Rome, on the very spot where on the 17th of February in the year 1600, he was burned at the stake as a heretic, by the authorities of the Catholic church.

The occasion of this dedication was one that drew to Rome great numbers of persons from all over Italy and from many other countries of Europe. The procession that marched through the streets with music and banners was the largest that had been witnessed for many years, and the concourse of people that assembled in the Campo de Fiore (the Field of Flowers) where the monument stands, to listen to the address of dedication, was estimated to number thirty thousand.

Very memorable was the inauguration of the monument to Galileo in Rome in the year 1887. But the popular interest in that rose nothing like so high as in this, nor was the attendance of representative scholars and thinkers from a distance so great.

The significance of this demonstration grew largely out of the fact that it was generally understood to be a protest uttered by scholars and thinkers and lovers of liberty in Italy and elsewhere (the money for the monument was contributed from all over the world) against the spirit in the Roman Catholic church which has kept that great ecclesiastical body so steadily in league with intellectual darkness throughout almost all its history; the spirit which led that church during all the centuries when it had the power, to oppose and to persecute with the rack and the fagot all free thought and all forms of philosophic or scientific progress which gave any signs of disturbing its so-called infallible teachings;—a spirit, alas! which still manifests itself in many ways,—for example, in the denunciations issued by the Pope from time to time against modern progress and freedom, and in the maintenance of the *Index Epurgatorius*, by means of which a large part of the most valuable books of modern science and philosophy as well as religion, are placed under ban,—so that scientists, literary men and thinkers who dare to be independent, very widely feel to-day that it is only because the Catholic church does not have the power that it does not arraign them as it did Galileo and Bruno, and compel them either to measure all their utterances by its twelfth century standards or pay the forfeit with their lives. It was felt that to erect a monument to the man who was perhaps the most distinguished representative and martyr of fearless scientific and philosophic thinking in the days when the church had the power to punish such thinking with death, and to erect that monument in the city of the church's chief sway, and on the very spot where the man selected for commemoration was burned, would be the most emphatic protest that could possibly be made against the spirit, no matter when or where manifested, that opposes freedom of thought and utterance, and the most effective possible form of public rejoicing over the fact that in Christendom, and even in Italy, ecclesiastical despotism is losing its power, even if not its tyrannical spirit.

It was no wonder that the Roman Catholic ecclesiastical authorities were aroused. It was no wonder that the same papers that brought us accounts of the dedication services and of the rejoicings of the friends of intellectual and religious liberty, brought us also reports that the Pope had called together his chief prelates and read to them a paper of strong denunciation of all that was going on, and that his Holiness was shut up in his rooms, more than half sick, devoting his time mainly, as the public were given to understand, to fasting and prayer on account of the terrible state of things around him—particularly on account of that loss of temporal power in Rome which would have enabled him to prevent any such wicked and awful scene as the faithful there had just been called upon to witness. And the matter has not been allowed to rest from then until now. The Pope and his followers have used, and

are using to the utmost, what has happened, as a means of stirring up enmity against the Italian government, because it guarantees religious freedom to all its people; because it allows the paying of public honor to a man whom the church has condemned; and especially because it refuses to yield to the incumbent of the papal chair temporal rule in any part of Italy, and insists that he shall be content with the spiritual rule of his own people.

The paper which the Pope read to his cardinals has been sent out to the Catholic church in all lands, with the view, of course, of stirring up a feeling of sympathy among the adherents of that church everywhere, and gaining as much moral support as possible throughout the world for the papal hierarchy in its contest with the Italian government.

The paper, which is a very lengthy document, begins by declaring that since the Italian revolution and the usurpation of Rome the Apostolic See has been subjected to a long series of outrages. It says:

> There are minds that have resolved to make of the chief city of Catholicity the capital of depravity and impiety, and with this object they have gathered hither from all parts the fire of hatred, in order to succeed the more surely in attacking this citadel of the Catholic church, and in overturning from its foundations, if they were able, the corner stone upon which it rests. With the design of surpassing themselves in audacity they determine to raise a public monument for the glorification before posterity of the spirit of apostasy against the church.
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> He whom they load with honors is a man twice apostate, judicially convicted of heresy, and a rebel to the church up to his last breath. Much more it is for these very reasons that they have wished to honor him, for it is evident that no real merit is found in him.

His Holiness then goes on to paint the moral character of the great heretic in colors almost as black as many Catholic writers have used in portraying the character of Martin Luther. He also animadverts upon the character of the people who assemble to do Bruno honor, and continues:

> To this criminal demonstration was added the insolence of discourses and of pamphlets, in which the sanctity of the most august things was turned into ridicule, without shame and without measure, in which was exalted that absolute freedom of thought which is the fruitful mother of all bad doctrines and that unsettles the foundations of all law and of all civil society, as well as of Christian morality.
>
> It is painful to state—it is almost a prodigy—that in this holy city in which God has established the home of his vicar the eulogy of human reason in rebellion against God should be heard, and that where the entire world has been taught to seek for the pure precepts of the gospel and counsels of salvation, there, to-day, in consequence of a criminal subversion, culpable errors and even heresy should be consecrated with impunity by statues. Events have brought us to this point that we see the abomination of desolation in the holy place.
>
> Seeing then the baseness of such deeds, inasmuch as the government of Christendom has been confided to us, together with the guardianship and defense of religion, we declare that Rome has been outraged, that the sanctity of the Christian faith has been odiously violated, and with grief and indignation we denounce to the entire Christian world the sacrilegious crime.

His Holiness goes on at some length to describe the renewed exigency that such an outrage raises for the re-establishment of his own temporal sovereignty, and declares that the Bruno statue shows the futility and falseness of the promises made by the Italian government at the time of the Roman occupation. He also represents himself as personally in danger from those who are plotting against him and the cause he represents, and closes his allocution with an appeal to all Italians and to Catholics everywhere to cease not prayers and good works, to the end that God may mercifully abate his anger provoked by so many odious crimes against the church.

I said that this allocution has been sent out to the "faithful" in all lands. A few weeks ago a fiery endorsement of it from Cardinal Gibbons of Baltimore was published in the leading papers of this country. Last Sunday the allocution was read in all the Roman Catholic churches of America.

This extraordinary paper from the Pope of Rome suggests many inquiries: Is his Holiness really a prisoner in the Vatican, as he claims? Is his life in

danger from his enemies, as he would have the world believe? Has the Italian government failed to keep its promises? Is the government hostile to the church? or only opposed to the spirit of intolerance and domination which it sees, or thinks it sees, in the church? Has the Pope any just claim upon temporal power in Rome, or in Italy? Is it for the best interests of the church that he should hold temporal sovereignty? or that his sovereignty be spiritual only?

These are all interesting inquiries. But time permits me only to suggest them, not to answer them: although it may well be pointed out that some things already said bear indirectly upon at least two or three of them, and other things yet to be said will bear upon them still further. Still my theme is not these. It is Bruno, and the connection of the Pope's allocution with him. To this I must confine myself.

It is time we were inquiring much more definitely and fully than we have yet done: Who is this Bruno?—this man whom the literary, philosophic, and scientific worlds have been taking such pains to honor?—this man whose commemoration the ecclesiastical authorities at Rome so strongly resent?

If you had been in Rome on the day of the dedication of the Bruno monument you would have seen circulating by the thousand an illustrated paper, headed *Giordano Bruno.* This paper looks very much like the *London Illustrated News* or *Harper's Weekly*, except that its title is printed in blood red ink. It contains appropriate articles, poems, and letters from some of the most distinguished writers and thinkers in the civilized world. The illustrations in the paper are fourteen in number. First we have a full-page representation of the monument, crowned with its impressive statue, viewed from the front. Opening the paper, we find within a double-page engraving, showing with great accuracy the scene of Bruno's burning in the square, in the year 1600. In an upper corner of this large picture we are shown, in striking contrast, a smaller sketch of the same square as it appears now, on this day of the inauguration of the monument, with the orator of the day delivering the memorial address to a multitude far too great to be reached by any human voice.

On other pages of the paper there are fine engravings of the eight medallions which adorn the monument,—medallions representing the faces of some of the more distinguished of the men whose names are forever associated with that of Bruno as leaders in the revolt of the modern mind against the intellectual dictatorship of the church: Wiclif, Huss, Servetus, Ramus, Paleario, Sarpi, Vanini, and Campanella, to all of whom biographical sketches are devoted. Further on we find excellent pictures of the three bas-reliefs which appear upon the monument; the first of which represents Bruno lecturing before the University of Oxford; the second, the scene in Rome as he received his sentence from the judges of the Inquisition, and the third, the victim upon the burning pile.

The number of this paper sold in Italy, and sent to other countries, has been very large.

If you had been in Italy any time this year you would have found yourself confronted on every side with Bruno literature.

Until the beginning of the second quarter of this century, his writings were very hard to obtain, as there had been no complete editions of either his Latin or his Italian works. And we have to come down nearer still to our own day before we find any adequate biography of him. But of late all this has changed. Now his works are in all the best libraries.

In addition to the two or three good lives of him that have been in the hands of the public for a generation or more, no less than three or four of great merit have appeared within a year or two past. And the number of pamphlets and papers of various kinds, bearing upon some phase of his life or writings, that has been given the public during the same time, is astonishing.

Entering upon a study of his biographies, we find that his life, for a

scholar and a literary man, was a singularly varied and eventful one, although few of its details have been preserved; or, if preserved, they are among his private papers which were seized by the Roman Catholic authorities when he was arrested and put on trial by the Inquisition. Those papers are very possibly still in the Vatican library at Rome; and some time in the future, when the policy of the Romish church becomes more broad and enlightened, they may not unlikely be brought to light. Still we are not in doubt even now about the general outlines of his life.

He was born at Nola, an old Græco-Roman town near Naples, in the year 1548, and died at Rome by martyrdom, at the age of fifty-two.

To get a little idea of the character of the times in which he lived, we may call to mind that when he was an infant "bloody Mary" was reigning in England,—Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer being brought to the stake when he was nine years old. When he was two years old Charles V. introduced the Inquisition into the Netherlands, and pushed his sanguinary work of persecution in that country, as he had done and continued to do at home, until it was estimated that 50,000 Protestants had perished.

When Bruno was five years old Servetus was burned by Calvin in Geneva.

The year he was eleven the *auto da fe* was established as a regular annual affair in Spain.

When he was a boy of from ten to twelve the persecution and extermination of the Waldenses was going on in the valleys of the Alps between France and Italy.

When he was twenty-four the massacre of St. Bartholomew's day occurred, in which 70,000 French Protestants fell at a blow.

Thus we see that it took some courage to be a reformer in the days in which he lived.

But we must run through the outline of his life.

When only a boy, Bruno entered the order of the Dominican monks, at Naples. He was a most eager student, and soon began to read and think too independently to suit his order. Moreover he was of too fiery a nature to submit easily to the discipline required. Before he had reached manhood he showed decided signs of heresy.

Philosophy attracted him; science attracted him; especially astronomy, which in the light of the new and interdicted teachings of Copernicus, was rising to new dignity and splendor, and interesting the first minds of Europe. The views which the young monk was coming to entertain and to express so shocked his companions in the convent that again and again they came near bringing accusations against him before the ecclesiastical authorities. At the age of twenty-eight he found no course open to him only to leave his order and fly for his life. From this time on until his arrest by the Inquisition and final imprisonment eight years before his death, he was a wanderer over Europe, with no place that he could call his home.

The first place to which he fled was Rome. But here he soon found the heresy-hounds were on his track. Then he fled to northern Italy, passing from city to city, paying his way in each by teaching, proof reading or doing other literary work, and reaching Geneva in Switzerland the next year (1577). Here he hoped to find safety; but he soon discovered that Calvinism was no more tolerant than Catholicism, and that he must either profess the reformed faith as Calvin taught it or else move on. Accordingly in a few months he went to Lyons in France, and then to Toulouse, the seat of the great university, then at the height of its prosperity. Here he matriculated, received the degree of doctor, and lectured for a time on astronomy with great success.

In 1579 he proceeded to Paris, where he met with even more favor.

He had read widely and thought deeply. The keenness and grasp of his mind were extraordinary. The wine of the new intellectual life of the Renaissance was coursing fast through his blood and stirring his brain to prodigious activity. The hunger of his

mind for knowledge was insatiable. Nothing seemed to him so desirable as the attainment of truth; for this he was willing to make any sacrifice, to brave any danger. Traditions did not satisfy him; authorities could not overawe him; he would push by all these to see and test and examine for himself. Being convinced that the Copernican system of astronomy was true, he became an ardent champion of it, notwithstanding the fact that it was under the ban of the church; and at the same time he became as ardent an opponent of the old system which had come down from Aristotle and was sustained by the weight of that thinker's mighty name and influence. Indeed he soon came to have a perfect hatred for Aristotle, because he found men everywhere looking to him as an authority, and asking not, What is true? but, What does "the Master" teach?—allowing the dictum of the great Greek to shut out from them the light of nature and their own souls. He felt that there was nothing so important as to set men thinking for themselves, observing for themselves, studying nature and their own minds first hand, trusting their own reason and their own moral and spiritual nature.

It is easy to imagine what a commotion a man of genius, learning, eloquence, and fiery independence like Bruno, possessed of such ideas as these, would stir up in an age when authority, tradition, pedantry and formalism were everywhere holding sway in church and state and school and literature, and yet when the breath of something better was beginning to stir in the air,—when the scent of the April of a new intellectual and moral awakening was beginning to be caught by the best minds, and to be longed for by them as men long for the Spring.

In Paris Bruno soon won the favor of the King—Henry III. He applied for a professorship in the Sorbonne, and would have obtained it, notwithstanding the opposition of the pedants, only for the fact that he would not attend mass, which was an indispensable condition for a regular chair in that institution. But the King liked him so well that an extraordinary professorship was soon provided, and here he lectured for considerable time, chiefly on logic.

He remained in Paris some four years, prosecuting his studies in new directions; writing two or three books; carrying on public disputations, in which he took sides against Aristotle and the schoolmen, and in favor of the new learning;—all this besides his work of instruction in the university where he was exceedingly popular, drawing a large following of students. But the ecclesiastics and the pedants were not still. These from the first recognized in him an enemy, and at length succeeded in making matters so uncomfortable for him that he thought best to proceed to London which had the reputation at that time of being the safest place, for heretics and independent thinkers, of any city in Europe.

Commended by the French King he was at once received into the home of the French embassador in London, and admitted to the best literary circles in England. Sir Philip Sidney became his warm friend. Queen Elizabeth sought his acquaintance. He was invited to Oxford to hold public disputations and to deliver a series of lectures; great consideration was shown him, and great crowds were drawn by the brilliancy of his genius, the originality of his views, and his eloquence.

In England he wrote and published his best works. One* was an exposition of the Copernican theory; two** others were metaphysical in their nature; two † were of a semi-poetical character; and one †† an allegory treating of morals, but at the same time giving the very essence and spirit of Bruno's own philosophy.

He remained in England some seven years, having a home all the while in the delightful family of the French embassador, mingling in the best society

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* The "Cena de le Ceneri," or "Ash Wednesday Conversation."

** "De la Causa, Principio, ed Uno," and De l' Infinito, Universo, e Mondi."

† The Eroici Furori and Cabala del Cavallo Pegaseo.

†† "Spaccio della Bestia Trionfante," or "Expulsion of the Triumphant Beast."

of London, devoting his time to study and writing, and untroubled by financial stress. This was unquestionably the happiest, as it was intellectually the most productive, portion of Bruno's life. At the end of the seven years the French embassador returned to Paris, and Bruno thought best to return with him. Here, however, his enemies allowed him to stay only a few months.

Leaving Paris he went to Germany; and we find him ere long in Wittenberg, the headquarters of Lutheranism, where he held a chair in the University for a year or two.

Soon after we find him in Prague; then in Frankfort, where he published three important books, metaphysical in their character;* then in Zurich; then in Venice, where he had been invited by a young nobleman, who basely turned traitor to him, and betrayed him into the hands of the Inquisition. This was in the year 1592, when he was forty-four years old, just at the prime of his splendid powers.

The rest of his life is practically a blank. He is thrown into prison, first in Venice and then in Rome. In these dungeons he lies eight years, six or seven years of the time without book, or pen, or paper, or any communication with the outward world. Can you imagine the exquisite pain of such a confinement to a mind so eager for knowledge and truth as was Bruno? It must have been simply indescribable. But besides this there were two long and cruel trials before the court of the Inquisition, and the ordeal of torture several times inflicted to compel him if possible to recant his heresies, the greatest of which heresies was accounted that of teaching that the universe is infinite and that there are other worlds besides our own.

Through all his trials and tortures he was calm, heroic, unruffled. If no word of recantation of what he had taught, which he believed to be truth, could be wrung from him, neither could any word of reproach. When the awful verdict of death by burning was declared against him, he replied to his judges: "Perhaps you pronounce your sentence with greater fear than that with which I receive it."

It was observed as he walked to the place of execution that the flesh had been worn and chafed down to the bone in places upon him by the tortures he had undergone; he was pale from the loss of much blood; his arms dangled useless by his sides, having been drawn from their sockets by the rack. But his fine face never looked more beautiful; there was no sign of impatience or irresolution about him; his gaze was upward toward the Infinite and the Eternal, in which was his trust. It is said that as he walked his lips repeated the words of the dying Plotinus: "I am striving to draw to me whatever the universe contains that is most divine."

Thus died Giordano Bruno, the heroic martyr to truth and freethought.

Tell me, where in history is to be found a man who deserves more honor from succeeding ages?

True, he cannot be called a great scientist—indeed, as we understand the word to-day, he can hardly be called a scientist at all. But where is the man who has appreciated science more, or defended it more ably in its time of need, or done more to create and bring into the world the modern scientific spirit?

He may not take rank with the greatest of philosophers. Certainly no one of his writings has become a philosophical classic. And yet it is questionable if any mind in modern times has been more stimulating or more fruitful of suggestion in the world of philosophical thought, than Bruno. It is conceded that Descartes, Leibnitz, Spinoza, Goethe, and many others, have been influenced to an important degree by him. He has been called, and with some justice, the father of modern transcendentalism.

He was not distinctly a theologian, and yet his influence on theology and religion has unquestionably been great.

The scheme of orthodox theology taught him in his youth early disap-

*"De Triplici Minimo et Mensura;" "De Monade, Numero, et Figura;" and "De Immenso et Innumerabilibus."

peared wholly from his belief. His view of the Bible was essentially that of the Unitarian of to-day. So were his views of Jesus, and of the great religions and religious teachers outside of Christianity. He believed that inspiration is universal, that all religions are natural, that the natural and the supernatural rightly understood are one, that God is not above the world, or apart from it, dwelling in some distant heaven, but that he is immanent in it, its soul, its life. Bruno calls God the "internal artist" of the universe, a most happy term; the "universal efficient cause;" the "universal intellect."

Doubtless in his speculations he tended somewhat more to pantheism, to a dropping out of personality from his conception of God, than the best modern thinking justifies. Yet the service he has done to theology in letting in light upon its superstitions, in encouraging rational thinking upon all its deep problems, and especially in helping the world to a conception of God more in harmony with the teachings of modern science, is neither small nor unimportant.

Bruno was not a perfect man. Who is? In his early years while the foundations of his first religious faith were breaking up in his mind, and before he had found other foundations, and while, too, he was surrounded by the low morality of his associates in the Church of Rome, it is probable that his standard of virtue was lowered for a time more than it ought to have been. In some of his writings too, at least some of his earlier writings, there is a vein of coarseness which is condemned by the nicer sense of propriety prevalent in our time. But besides these points there seems to be little or nothing that even his worst enemies have been able to bring against his character, or his moral influence as a writer, that is not easily shown to be groundless.

In this connection it is worthy of notice that the Pope's allocution which so traduces Bruno, has been republished by Bruno's friends in Italy, and with it a full, dignified and most effective reply, by Professor Labanca, one of the best known and most honored of Italian scholars, who by the way is a friend to the church, but not to the spirit of intolerance and despotism which is so often manifested by the church. Professor Labanca nobly defends Bruno; shows that the verdict of European scholarship is quite in conflict with that of his Holiness; that eminent prelates have held undisturbed the very opinions for which Bruno lost his life; that the very worst of Bruno's writings were outdone in badness by those of Cardinal Bibbiena, whose filthy comedies were the delight of Pope Leo X. and his consistory; that, therefore, Bruno is entitled to be estimated in the light of his time; and that when so estimated he well deserves all honors which this year of commemoration have brought him.

Such, then, is an account as extended as time permits, of the life, writings and character of the remarkable thinker, reformer, martyr, whom the friends of intellectual and religious liberty, not only in Italy but throughout the world, have this year commemorated with a statue in Rome, accompanied with a demonstration such as is seldom given in honor of any man.

It remains for me now only to point out, in the briefest possible way, one or two lessons that our study suggests.

One is a lesson which is suggested by the question, Why is it that the Roman Catholic church made the mistake—the awful mistake—of persecuting and murdering Bruno, and that vast number of other men of whom Bruno is a type—men certainly among the noblest and most intelligent that the world has ever produced, and to whom we owe more than to almost any others our progress from the darkness of past ages to the light which we now enjoy. Certainly the records of these persecutions and murders are about the darkest pages of history. Why is it that a great church has brought such dark blots upon its name? It is not because that church does not have, and has not always had, much good in it. Some pages of its history are as bright as anything in the annals of mankind. It

is not because the men that conducted these persecutions and caused these deaths generally were bad men at heart, or meant to do wrong. Of course there were cruel and bad men among them, but many of them were men kind in other ways, who loved justice, and who verily thought they were doing God's service in the awful deeds they perpetrated.

And so too with the men to-day in that same church who continue to justify those old deeds and who would like to see the same treatment of heretics now,—they are not necessarily bad men; some of them are in most respects very, very good men. Where lies the trouble?

Plainly it is here: These men are blinded by a false and unworthy theory. They believe that God has spoken to men once, in a far past age of the world, and men must forever be governed by that. What that revelation teaches, or is supposed to teach, about astronomy, or geology, about the creation of the world or man, about the revolution of the sun around the earth, about the human soul, about God, or anything else, must simply be accepted without question. He who teaches anything to the contrary is simply contradicting God, making God a liar, deceiving men to their damnation. Hence of course the church of God is simply bound to suppress such men, at any cost and at any pain.

Now all this is logical, if you only accept the premise. The real trouble is with the premise: the premise that God gave men two or three thousand years ago an infallible and sufficient revelation of truth which is to bind them forever, and which is to close their minds against new and larger truth. That text in the Old Testament, "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live," has been the cause of the murder of thousands and thousands of innocent women. Why? Because men thought it an infallible word of God, when it was only a fallible word of very fallible men.

In the same way a text in one of the ancient Vedas of India which was understood to teach that widows should be burned on the funeral pile of their husbands, has been the cause of the death of untold thousands of those unhappy women. It was thought to be an infallible word of God spoken in some far past time, and so it must be obeyed forever.

When will men get out from under the shadow of such cruel and awful superstitions? When will they learn that *truth* and *justice* are God's word, and that nothing that is not truth and justice *can* be his word, no matter in what sacred books it may appear; and that the way to find out what is truth and what is justice is to read, not simply the records of the far past, but the heart of man, the reason of man, the conscience and moral nature of man to-day, sure that no voice of God or revelation of God can ever by any possibility be more sacred or more authoritative than these living revelations that he is all the while making in us. When the religious world once really learns this lesson, then, but not till then, will witch-burning, widow-burning on funeral piles, burning of Brunos, persecution of men who are in advance of their age in their thinking and teaching, pass away.

One more lesson. We have been studying the life and death of one of the men of a past age to whom we to-day in Christendom owe the intellectual and religious freedom that we enjoy, and the vast advance in knowledge which we have made.

Do you not see what a lesson there is for our time, and for all times, and for us each and all as individuals, in such a life and such a death?

Was Bruno under any greater obligation to be true to the light that came to him, than we are to be true to the light that comes to us? The pressure that was upon him to cause him to keep still, to say nothing about his thoughts, to hide his light under a bushel, was simply tremendous. What if he had done so? and what if all the rest of the men in those old times had done so? Where would we have been to-day? There is only one answer: We should have been in the dark ages, instead of in this age of light and knowledge and

freedom. We are where we are to-day, the world is where it is to-day, because the Brunos, the Galileos, the Servetuses, the men who saw truth a little in advance of their fellows, dared to be true to it, dared to speak it, and stand for it, and take the consequences.

Does this thought then put no obligation upon us? How is the world to advance beyond where we stand? How, only by those of us who have found a little new light, if any of us have found such light, daring to stand for it, daring to make some little sacrifices if need be to maintain it and help it to get a footing among men.

Oh! is it true, that

"By the light of burning heretics
Christ's bleeding feet we track,
Toiling up new Calvaries ever with
The Cross that turns not back,
And these mounts of anguish number
How each generation learned
One new word of that grand *Credo*
Which in prophet-hearts hath burned
Since the first man stood God-conquered
With his face to heaven upturned?"

Is this true? Is this the path by which the world has gained all that it has yet reached of moral advance? And shall we be unwilling to tread with feet sometimes a little weary where others have trodden with feet bruised and bleeding?

No, friends, the lesson that comes to us to-day from the self-forgetting and heroic Bruno, and from all the other great and noble men and women of the past who by their toils and sacrifices have lifted the world up to better things, is, that we too must be faithful and true, and self-forgetting and brave, in our time and place just as they were in theirs, in the cause that seems to us true and right just as they were in the cause that seemed to them true and right. Thus we shall be able to find a place—very humble maybe, but real—in that grand army that marches down the ages, to conquer the world for holiness and light.

Thank God, then, for the Brunos! Thank God for the men who are minded to raise monuments to them to remind their fellows that such sons of God have lived and died! In their light the ages shall walk.

"Above the generations
The lonely prophets rise—
The truth flings dawn and day-star
Within their glowing eyes;
From heart to heart it brightens,
It draweth ever nigh,
Till it crowneth all men thinking,
by and by."

CHRISTMAS.

Let us mark what a quantity of happiness has collected about the word Christmas. The nebular theory of the universe may well come in as an illustration. It is either known or fabled that what we call worlds, or planets, or suns, are places where the universally distributed star-dust has formed itself into compact masses. As foam whirling in the eddies of a stream gathers itself into a round mass at length, and seems a solid island, so the philosophers of nature say our earth made itself by whirling around in the vast eddy of space where the star-dust floated. They say that this delicate dust is still raining down upon our globe, and that if a mirror were laid face upward in the extreme confines of our atmosphere, you could, after a few years, trace your name in the world-powder on its polished surface.

Be this nebular theory fact or fancy in the material world, it is at least fact in the moral world, for here we see this golden dust of pleasure gathering itself into beautiful worlds,—into persons, into weeks, and into days. The ancient states early began to concentrate much of their social life, their calls, their gift-making, into those days which ended a year, and which began a new outlook in nature. In the more southern latitude where these annual festivities began, two or three thousand years ago, the spring stood nearer to the first of the year than it comes in our northern lands, and when in the close of December the sun turned to come back to Italy and all that Mediterranean coast, spring verdure and loveliness was soon to reappear. Hope in hearts young and old sprang up, and a new world was seen like John's Jerusalem coming down from God out of Heaven. Into that week which lay between the

dead flowers and the new ones, into that week which erased all old sorrows and filled the page with new hopes, the happiness of each house and each person carried itself. After Christ came and filled the hearts of thousands with his image and his disposition, these followers gave his name to this joyful season, and, thus named, it has come onward to us. Christmas is a world of joyfulness, made out of that rich joy-dust that has been floating through space ever since man began to smile and laugh on these shores,—ever since children revealed a disposition to receive gifts.

Christ is the best emblem of all the broad and deep charity and blessedness that gathers about the Christmas season: but our ancestors found other forms and faces less divine upon which to hang the Christmas gifts and from whom to expect the merry laughter. Christianity invented some and appropriated others. It found an embodiment of fun and laughter in that ideal dressed in furs, with the diamond dust of snow sprinkled all over his head and beard. In his vast coat he could carry the playthings for a continent full of children; from his miraculous sleigh he could replenish his overcoat. He could, from that wholesale ware-room, supply his strange retail department. His reindeer, telling us that he came from the North, were swift as the winds and incapable of weariness.

If we parents should displace this fancy from the minds of our children, being unwilling to be parties to such a delusion, we would better first teach the young heart what the myth stands for in the realm of the real; that it means that there is love in the world for all good children; that it will come from both man and from God; will come borne by feet and wings that will never grow weary; it will come softly as the snow of winter; it will come to them in their waking hours and in their deepest sleep; when we have taught them in this then we may ask them to dismiss the great, merry man with the sleigh. One may safely dismiss any legend in the Bible or profane records after the world has learned the spiritual meaning that lay beneath the symbols. When the inner temple is done the scaffolding may be removed.

In addition to this ideal from the North, the early Catholic church called to its aid one from the South. In Asia Minor in the fourth century there lived a Bishop of great benevolence. To bless others was his supreme delight. Like his Master he went about doing good. His own money he stored away only that in fitting hours of some one's great need he might go to his treasure and bring forth relief. A certain nobleman who had reared well three beautiful and excellent daughters became suddenly poor, and, being no longer able to give any marriage portion to his children, they could not become established in homes of their own. To have no marriage portion was then to lose position in society,—a pagan custom not yet wholly washed out of our wicked world. This nobleman of Asia became so extremely poor that he was to offer his three daughters for sale as servants, when this noble Bishop heard of the sad condition of the family. It was the time to ask his hidden money to come forth; so in disguise he began to pass the window of the house where the poor children lived and to throw in purses full of gold. How many he thus threw in and how much was in each I know not, but by these gifts the home found all its old joy and hope restored. The name of this Bishop was Nicholas, and the Catholic church showed its good taste by awarding him the honors of a saint. Thus came St. Nicholas down to our times to embody for us the gift-making sentiment and to make one more figure in that group that is each year unveiled in the name of Christmas. But all details are only leaves of that great tree which is called humanity,—a tree planted chiefly by Christianity and cared for by its love.

Of late years this day or week of affection toward the young, and for the expression of friendship between all near relations and intimate companions, has received new impulse through literature and the arts; in the last genera-

tions the writers have written for this noble holiday, the artists have designed for it, the composers have formed anthems and hymns for it, and the churches have all risen to a new love of its quality. It is an error to affirm that the Roman Catholic church any longer surpasses all our Protestant family of sects in esteem of this festival. Great changes have come in the last fifty years, and it is probable that now the Protestant churches fully equal their venerable companion in just the one particular of making this a day for especial regard to the little ones of the mission schools, and in the institutions of charity. But neither sect, Catholic or Protestant, has yet reached any charity toward the poor that is worthy of a single sentence of self-congratulation. As we are all accustomed to say that invention is yet in its morning, that new motors, and new light, and new speed of travel, and new creeds, and new preaching are destined to come, so we may as well declare, or at least hope, that the charity of Christianity is still in its infancy. The beautiful child grows. Millions are now given for the public welfare where once only hundreds fell, but charity is yet in its childish dress. There is a day coming when the figure so small now will move over the world in the stature and flowing garments of a divinity. The legends of the gift-making Bishop are the prophecies of ages to come, the Sibylline leaves which become mingled by the rude winds, and the story broken until the day of fulfilment comes.

Literature has aided the church, and the church has aided literature. All the Christmas carols that have been sung have poured their music over into the Temple of God, softening the hymn, making the imprecatory psalms of old David more perfectly give place to the angel song, "On earth peace, good will to men." And Christianity has returned the favor, for it has sent forth its Christ to walk through all the groves of song, through all the haunts of the Muses, and through the galleries of art. It was the peculiar sentiment of Christ that transformed Homer into Dante, and Virgil and Horace into Milton, which gave us a religious Tennyson and Cowper and Whittier for those who played upon the classic harp. Thus have Christianity and literature cast their blessed light upon each other for many generations, and each is greater because the other has walked at its side. It is said that our sunlight is not greatest when it has the sky all to itself, when all is a deep blue around it; but when great white clouds are floating on all sides, then is the light greatest, for to all the direct light there is added the sheen reflected down to earth from the mirrors of many silver clouds. In such hours no room is dark; even plants in the cellar catch the wished-for rays. So Christianity is not most powerful when, as in the Middle Ages, she has the human mind and soul all to herself. In such serene blue her beams pale; but when the many forms of human thought are also floating through the great heavens, the philanthropy of government, the tenderness of the poets, the immense friendship of these holidays, the festal decorations of all happy homes, the joyful faces of our children, then is the light of Jesus redoubled, and under that intensified radiance the deepest shadows fly from our dark world.

DAVID SWING.

Chicago.

THE LEGEND OF THE CHRIST-CHILD.

A little child walked alone in the country, and seated himself by the side of the road and cried.

His bare feet were swollen and sore. His little hands were blue with the cold. He was barely covered by a poor dress of thin, white woolen stuff; and the frosts of the morning had wet the curls of his blonde hair with a freezing rain. There was an inexpressible sweetness in his eyes full of tears; and, while his eyes wept, his shivering mouth seemed to smile.

Ever and anon he rested for a moment, clasped his hands as if in prayer, and then resumed his walk. To those who passed by and who asked him why he cried, the child answered, "I am seeking my father and my mother."

Now, on that day, a young and rich lady was returning in a carriage from her beautiful country-seat. She was richly attired and seated on soft cushions covered with silk. She saw the little child, walking with bare feet, and cold; and her heart moved at the sight of his wonderful beauty. So she stopped the carriage, and, having called to the little traveler, said to him:

"Where are you going?"

"I am going to seek my father and my mother."

"And where will you find your father and your mother? Are they far from home?"

The child replied: "They went away from me to work, because they are poor."

"Well, I am rich. Get up into my carriage; and shelter from the cold wind which freezes your hands, and rest your bruised feet. Let me be a mother to you."

"Your face is beautiful, like my mother's," said the child, "and your voice is sweet like hers; but tell me if your *heart* is like hers, and if your works are such as she would do, if she were fortunate and rich like you. Please take me up in your lap."

"Child, your words astonish me. I offer you a place by my side, and I am willing to extend my hand to help you to climb up here. Why do you wish me to get down and soil my feet in the damp sand?"

"Because," answered the little one, "you spoke to me of taking the place of my mother; and my mother, in order to take me in her arms, was never afraid of soiling her feet."

The young woman blushed, and without reply made a sign to her servants to go on; but her heart was sad.

Still the traveling child remained upon the road, and walked and wept and prayed always; and the night drew near.

Then a poor woman, dragging a bundle of faggots, was going toward her home. She saw the child, and had compassion on him. She questioned him, and stooping down kissed him and took him by the hand, and said to him: "Come to my hut. You shall warm yourself with my children, and you shall share with them the bread which I give to them."

The child, looking at the poor woman, loved her, because she was bent under a burden, and because she had said to him, "Come, and you shall be as one of my children."

The child smiled upon her, looking up into her face with wonderful sweetness, and, as they walked along, drew from his bosom a little cross which he gave to her, and disappeared.

That same evening there was seen upon the bank of a stream which was crossed by a plank placed on two stones, a child seated in the moonlight. The wind raised his blonde hair, and he pressed his two little arms upon his breast as if to warm himself.

Some one asked him, in passing, what he was waiting for. He replied, "I am waiting for my father."

Just then a poor blind old man came to cross, directing his steps toward the frail bridge by feeling with his stick along the rough and stony ground.

The child rose, and, running to meet the poor blind man, took him by the hand and led him; for the road in that place was dangerous and broken.

Then, placing the hand of the old man on his shoulder, he served him for a support across the bridge and far along the road into the neighboring city, which they entered without being seen. And when they came to his dwelling and had entered, there was no child, but one in the brightness of an angel stood by the old man's side.

And then, soft and sweet as a gentle wind rustling the forest leaves, or the faint murmur of a distant waterfall, or the sound of a far-off vesper bell, were heard these words: "I revisit the earth to try to console. So long as I retain the form of a child, I shall seek my father and my mother among those who have need of one to love them. The poor widow who weeps and whom I comfort and soothe is my mother; the blind old man whom I can guide from stumbling over the stones of the road is my father; and the deserted orphans,

who have no one to pity and take care of them, are my brothers and sisters."

Then it was known who the child-angel was; and the old man stretched forth his arm as if to embrace him, but the Lord Jesus had vanished from his presence. J. Y.

THE OLD BIBLE STORIES.

[*Chapters from a forthcoming book of Bible Stories by Brooke Herford.*]

XIII. Jacob's Return.

Jacob made up his mind that he must return to his own country, but he was afraid to tell Laban for fear that Laban would be angry and prevent his leaving, perhaps even kill him. People who have been deceitful themselves are always afraid that others will trick and injure them. So he made his preparations very secretly, and, as he lived three days' journey further out upon the plains, he had that much start. Gradually he got all his flocks and herds together, and then put his wives and children upon the backs of camels, and, with all his stores, set out eastward towards Canaan. It was not till three days after that Laban heard that Jacob had departed. Then Laban collected his people and journeying with swift camels and having no flocks to delay him, came, on the seventh day, within sight of Jacob's camp.

For a time, it seemed as if there would be a fight, for Laban was very angry. Some of his gods had been stolen, he said, and indeed it came out afterward that Rachel had taken some of the little household idols, thinking they would bring her good luck, for Laban and his family were still partly idolators. But the camp was searched and nothing was found, and all that took place was a noisy war of words. Then Jacob made a feast and they swore friendship one with another, and the next morning Laban gave them all his blessing and turned back towards home.

Now Jacob continued on his way. But soon another fear began to come upon him. Day by day he was coming nearer to the old settlement where Esau must now be the sheik, and the thought of the wrong he had done his brother in the old days came back to him. As he went on, he heard that Esau had moved away from the plains and had become the head of a warrior tribe among the hills, and when Jacob heard it, he was filled with fear, for he said: "Now will he surely slay me!"

He sent forward a messenger of peace; but all the word the messenger brought back was that Esau was coming to meet him with four hundred men! Then Jacob was still more afraid. He divided his flocks and herds and camels into two bands, putting the camels, with his wives and daughters, in the rear, so that, if the first party was attacked, the other might have a chance of escaping. Then he thought he might perhaps appease his brother with presents; so he chose out a number of the best sheep and goats, and thirty of the finest camels, and fifty of the choicest cattle, and sent them on in three bands with servants and herders, telling each party that when they met Esau they must say: "These are thy servant Jacob's; they are a present for my lord Esau."

"Surely," he said to himself, "If anything can appease my brother, it will be such presents." Then he slept, but all the dark night a sore dream oppressed him. It seemed as if some mighty shadowy figure was wrestling with him there, and a great pain came upon him in the dream; but still he held the man and said: "I will not let thee go until thou bless me." And then it seemed to him in his dream that the figure changed into the form of God, and he thought God blessed him there and told him that his name should henceforth be, not Jacob, which meant "supplanter," but Israel, or "he who had prevailed with God."

In after times it was always believed that it *was* God himself who had met Jacob there and wrestled with him and blessed him. But it seems more natural to think that it was just a dream about this brother of whom he had been thinking all day long, and whose face he had not seen for so many years.

In the morning came the real man. Down from the hills came Esau with his four hundred men. Jacob went to

meet him, for now the hour was come. As he went forward he kept bowing down, right to the ground. But Esau ran to meet him, and fell on his neck and kissed him; and they both wept, it seemed so good to meet again after the long twenty years,—and Jacob's fear was all gone.

Then Jacob's wives and children came and bowed themselves down, and afterward Esau asked him what he meant by all those sheep and camels that he had met. Jacob said: "These are my presents, that I might find grace in the sight of my lord." But Esau—still the old, free and generous heart—said: "I have enough, my brother; keep that thou hast for thyself."

Thus Jacob came home again. For a while he wandered here and there over the plains where his father had dwelt; then he came to Shechem, a little north of where in after times was to rise the famous city of Jerusalem. There he bought a tract of land from the neighboring chiefs, and built himself a house, and folds and shelter for his cattle, and dug a deep well which ever afterward, even down to the time of Christ, was called "Jacob's well." There he made his home. But still he felt only like a stranger in the land, and he kept apart from the people around. After a time he found those little household idols which Rachel had brought away from her father Laban's house, and he took them away and buried them in the ground under a great tree, lest any one might find them. For through all his faultiness and weakness he still kept some thought of the one true God of Abraham, and felt that he must have nothing to do with idols, either among his own people or among the peoples round.

PRESIDENT CONE'S SERMON.

We much doubt if there has appeared within the Universalist body this generation a more significant or weighty utterance, or one likely to exert a greater permanent influence upon that denomination, than the sermon preached at the late General Convention, at Lynn, Mass., by President Cone of Buchtel College, the first instalment of which we print in this number of the *Unitarian.*

As our readers are aware, the Universalist body has of late been much agitated and not a little divided over the question of "miracles," or "supernaturalism." The larger part stand firmly for a Universalism that bases itself squarely upon a "supernatural revelation," in the common understanding of those words. But many, who claim to be of the more progressive wing of the body, are disposed either to reject miracles or else to read new meanings and explanations into them. And the idea of a supernatural revelation as commonly interpreted they dissent from, and say that the words should be either discarded or else given a new interpretation more in harmony with the changing conceptions and increasing light of our day. Much discussion has arisen, not all of it of a character to conduce to greater harmony or even a better understanding between the parties. Indeed the danger was that if the discussion continued in the spirit in which to some extent it had been conducted, the result might be a breach in the denomination,—a separation from each other of men and churches that really stand for essentially the same things and are aiming at essentially the same results.

Dr. Cone has come forward and given a statement of Universalism, so broad, so comprehensive, going so to the heart of the whole matter, so clothing old thought in new language, and so identifying new thought and old in their kernel while skilfully separating the kernel of the permanent from the husk of the transient, that both parties have gone away seeing in new light. He has spoken what seems to be a great reconciling word—reconciling because helping to larger and fuller understandings.

We have never seen a statement of Universalism that seemed to us so masterly, so adequate, that lifted it up to so commanding a position, that rounded out its philosophy into such completeness, that brought it so fully abreast of modern knowledge and thought, while at the same time holding firmly by all that is true or helpful in

the older religious conceptions. We do not wonder that those in the denomination who have called themselves conservatives and those who have called themselves radicals are almost equally well satisfied with it, and indeed that in the presence of its profound insights and large interpretations they find their radicalism and conservatism strangely fading away.

Nor is this statement of Dr. Cone of value to Universalists alone. It ought to have a wide reading outside his own body. It is almost as timely for Unitarians as for Universalists, being such a discussion as would have done honor to any thinker in our ranks, of exactly the religious problems that lie before us, and indeed before all other Christians who are trying to adjust religion to the conditions of modern knowledge and life.

The title we give to the sermon, "The New Universalism," is one of our own choosing. What title Dr. Cone put to it, we do not know. We have chosen this because Universalism is plainly growing, and coming to a steadily enlarging understanding of its meaning and mission; it is rising, as every religous movement ought to rise, to new and larger thought, as well as to a steadily increasing practical efficiency.

We are sorry our space allows us to print only half the sermon in this issue; however, we think our readers will agree that that is enough to furnish plenty of food for thought for a month.

ABBY WILLIAMS MAY.

IN MEMORIAM.

Her feet were ever ready,
Her hand was ever steady;
Her onward sweep
Of purpose deep
Disclosed no flaw or eddy.

On many an errand went she,
To many a trouble bent she,
Such helpful thought,
Such counsel brought,
Her bloom of youth thus spent she.

A maiden of high feature,
Of good and glorious nature,
Dear to His heart
Who did impart
Such grace unto His creature.

So may sweet peace betide her
Whose holy laws did guide her,
And all that's blest
In God's dear rest
Be with her and beside her.

JULIA WARD HOWE.

TWENTY YEARS IN CHICAGO.

On Sunday morning, Nov. 4, Rev. Dr. H. W. Thomas preached a sermon at the People's Church commemorative of the twentieth anniversary of his settlement in Chicago. The following is a brief abstract of the discourse:

In our world of change each passing thing leaves some mark to tell that it has been. The ages of heat and cold have left the igneous rocks and the paths of glaciers; birds leave their nests and animals their bones. In this ceaseless procession of coming and going man finds his cradle and his grave. The caves and Swiss lakes tell of a time when man lived with the wild beasts, and the ruins beneath the temples of Rome tell of a civilization antedating the empire and the republic. Egypt has left her "book of the dead," and the bibles of India and China tell of the faith and worship of long ago.

Each new generation comes into the inheritances of the past and finds its thought and work laid out, and these become contracting environments. The imperfect and the evil are consumed along with the good, and hence, in the progress of society, much of the old has to be left behind. The theology of the past may have satisfied the thought of the dark and the mediæval ages, but it cannot satisfy the present. We are in a period of general unsettling: religion, to rule the world, can not take a second place; its only throne must be that of truth and right; and hence religion must grow with the advancing world-consciousness as it approaches the higher ideals. The God of Calvin and the hell of Wesley are morally unthinkable in the light of the present.

The new theologians see this, and they see the coming waves of doubt, and hence are seeking to build upon the highest rational and moral consciousness as illumined by the ever-

present inspiration of God. They have passed through the storm and know that there is a harbor of rest where faith is secure, and seeing the multitudes cast upon the waves, struggling, doubting, denying, they would point out the clearer way.

The new theology is not negative, but positive; not agnostic, but affirms the knowledge of experience; not atheistic nor material, but sees God in every law of nature and in the reason and conscience of man. New continents, and oceans, and skies of truth are coming into view; the Bible is a fountain of spiritual power and life; Christ is rocked in cradles and rises from the tombs of death; God is love, man is divine, and hope fills all the ages to come. The independent and liberal churches are trying to conserve and spread these noble truths.

Strange and deep emotions fill my heart to day. It is twenty years since I came to Chicago. It then had some 300,000 people. I saw it burned down and rebuilt, and have seen its population reach more than 1,000,000. All was then strange and new; only two families, Prof. Eberhart's and Judge Boyle's, had I ever known. But many hands have reached out in friendship and many homes have bidden me welcome. I have married couples enough to fill a large church, and could the dead whom I have buried come back, the number would be hardly less. I longed to reach the outside people, but never thought of establishing a new church, nor would any of us have the courage to essay so large a task. We began a year's preaching service, and then another, and there has been no place to stop; and so we are adding now to our business organization all the forms of an independent congregational church.

I have sought as best I could to interpret the great truths of God and of the human soul, and to follow when truth led the way; to do good and not harm. There are those present who have listened to my words during all these years, so filled with hard work, and joy, and sorrow; but many "have passed through the valley of weeping" and are at rest.

> "I sigh for household voices gone;
> For vanished forms I sigh;
> But God has led the dear ones on,
> And he can do no wrong."

Let us go out from this house to fill the earth with truth and life, and then go away to meet, and love, and live in the bright forever.

"WHY SHOULD BUSY PEOPLE BE INTERESTED IN LITERATURE?"

No spring of refreshing lies so near the daily path of working men and women as good literature. With many such persons it is only the "*odd minutes*" of the day that can be spared for either recreation or re-creation. Well, —the wealthy men on 'change get rich on *margins:* it is *margins* of time well used that give us mental riches. How many opulent minds there are that teach that truth. Franklin, Parker, Lincoln were poor boys with horny hands and candle-light—no more. Faraday, Chambers, Stephenson,—poorer boys, if possible. But they all used well their *margins.* Good eyes, an average mind, a strong will, and "odd minutes" are enough to rank one in the class of intellectual capitalists by the fiftieth birthday. Now, not everything can be done in odd minutes and margins. One can,—but hardly,—learn a language in odd minutes. One can,—but hardlier, —learn a science in odd minutes. One cannot go to Europe at all in odd minutes. In few directions can one become an expert and authority in odd minutes. But one *can* read good literature, and one can learn to love it, and one can become delightfully familiar with some of its most joyous nooks, some of its far reaches, some of its heights of widest vision,—in odd minutes. That is the graciousness of the good book: *on the instant*, with no time lost in getting there, one may turn from his occupation, and be among the immortals. This spring lies right beside the workman's path. You can take one in *your pocket*,—this well of waters, this shade-tree for the tired mind, this hill-top with its sense of winds and far horizons!

And besides being the always near, it is an always flowing spring to refresh and re-create its lovers. Good literature is like Nature — there is always enough of it, always the unexplored, always the surprise. One can keep his reading to a single direction as to subject, and to a single language, and live *long* before he has exhausted his surprises. And the variety of direction of course is infinite, like Nature. So that the busy man, whatever his business, can always command in books that which will rest his particular sort of tire, or correct his particular sort of narrowness, or cleanse and lift from his particular sort of grime. Said a good reader, a woman, "I feel a different being—say that some trivial thing has vexed me—after reading Lyell's 'Geology,' or whatever else momentarily lifts me out of the concrete into the abstract, even if I retain but the smallest gleaning." And again, this time after reading something by John Fiske,—"I rested myself with those grand attainments to scientific facts, with which we blend—which gives us the energy and the impulse to blend—high hopes and the sweet trustfulness." And again, this same woman, "I've been reading the Ethics of Sophocles, with the brook purling its accompaniment to the great questions put by those old Greeks as they are put now,—the putting of them constituting us men,—the answer, if it come, proving us immortals." Lucy Smith, who said these things, knew how to utilize a book; knew how books made the best *balance* to business; knew that one was apt to be mastered and tyrannized over by his business unless one learnt to master it by establishing this *book-balance* in his life.

And in saying this one really says a good deal more than this. If the good book makes the best refreshment, the best redressing of a busy workman's balance, then the love of the book helps greatly in the very business itself. It makes one wider awake for business hours. By taking off the edge of tire, it puts an element of play into the very drudgery. It keeps the *morning-feeling* on,—and it is a great secret of good work to make the morning feeling last well into the afternoon of a day and of one's days. To a very busy man the love of the book is like going to bed early and sleeping long when one is in a great hurry. It flanks the enemy. It is—I *suppose* it is—like what Luther meant when he said: "To-day I have so much to do that I must *pray at least two hours!*"

But all this only applies to the reading and the love of *good* books. The great trouble is that busy people are not very eager to command *good* books. The average "busy" man or busy woman wants in a book just rest from tire, just amusement, just beguilement for the moment. Well, there are books for them,—books by the thousands; twenty-five new ones every day, it is said. Innocent books too, and even helpful books; books of all shades and lengths of virtuous beguilement,—paper, magazine, novel witcheries to while away the leisure moment; beside the thousand more whose witchery is that of dissipation and bad company. But saying nothing of these last,—to love innocent and easy books is not to "love good literature." Good books are the rather hard books. Good books usually have to be read slowly. They take time because they take thought. In return, they *make* thought, and they exhilarate, and they last long. They exhilarate and last *because* they make thought. Nothing so exhilarates as the starting of a thought in the mind,—unless it be the starting of a sacrifice, a heroism. Go on a thought-hunt, to get great freshening fun! That is why it is such joy to write a sermon. If we ride hard enough and long enough after our thought to make the mind's blood *tingle*, then joy begins and we come home new, even if we have to leave the thought out there in the woods for another hunt. Now a *good* book sends one on thought-hunts; that is the test of a *real* book as distinct from the make-believes.

But our busy man is apt to be a practical man, and may turn on us with the question, "How am I to read your good books? How am I to get time to fall

in love with good literature? I am too busy for any courtships." Well, we can at least remember that it is not the love of *many* books, but the *much love of books* that we are counseling. And as for time, we might go back to what was said about the "margins;" and if one can believe what went the rounds of the papers this last summer as the word of President Eliot, of Harvard, he might quote that to our business man. At the dedication of a new public library building in Cambridge, President Eliot is reported to have said: "I firmly believe that ten minutes a day given to one good book of the highest class, such as the Bible, or Shakspeare, or to a book of the second class, like Virgil, or Homer, or Milton, will make a man *cultured* in a very few years." But *I* couldn't quote that, because I either don't believe President Eliot said it, or else I don't believe the president. Ten minutes a day is too little. And yet the implication in the remark, bating the exaggeration, is so blessedly true that for mere comfort's sake as well as wisdom's sake we ought to lay it to heart, —this truth, that "culture" is not information, is not learning, but is a love for the best, a ready recognition of the beautiful and noble, a reverence for things in proportion to their real values. But ten minutes a day is unreasonably small for this high consummation. On the other hand, Mr. Hamerton, an English apostle of the intellectual life, asks for even a slighter attainment *two hours* a day. Two hours a day, says Mr. Hamerton, methodically used by a business man, will preserve his intellectual relish and continue his mental growth into old age. I should think it would —a business man's or anybody's; and though doubtless many a busy man or woman *can* get two hours a day seven days a week—allowing for but one church-going on Sundays—yet that is an unreasonably long time for the average busy man to think that he can spare. Instead of putting it in any such time-way of minutes or hours, I would suggest a simpler measure, and say,—*If one will read two solid books a winter*, and habitually do this, a few years of the habit will make him one who leads the intellectual life, and will go far towards making him a cultured man. And *this* most "busy" men can do; most busy women also—even mothers. But by "reading," I mean deep reading, and by "books," solid books. Two solid books absorbed and laid up in mind each year, in a few years will give the *love for books*, which every man had better get in proportion as he is an overcrowded busy man.

Let me be concrete about this matter. In science, suppose our busy man should say, "This winter I will read one book from this little list:

Tyndall's "Heat."
Darwin's "Origin of Species."
Spencer's "First Principles."
Lyell's "Geology."
Carpenter's "Mental Physiology."
Langley's "New Astronomy."

And in history will try to read one of these four:

Lecky's "History of Rationalism in Europe."
Maine's "Ancient Law."
Green's "Short History of England."
Bryce's "American Commonwealth."

And among essays and poems will try to read Emerson's first volume of "Essays;" or Browning's poems — certain ones of them; or Wordsworth—in Matthew Arnold's selections."

Suppose that he reads one book of each class in 1890; or say, one book of *either* class in 1890. Let 1890 be named and known, in his mental biography, by that book's feat! And 1891 by another. And 1892 by another, and so on. If two cannot be compassed, one such book, read slowly, with note-book and thinking and mental reviews; and this habit kept up continuously year by year,—that is all I would suggest to our busy men or women. Few, I think, would say they have too little time for even that. But in ten years the man who does this will be master of his business instead of being mastered by it. He will be leading the intellectual life in co-operation with his business life. It will give him balance, it will give him joy, it will be perpetual rest and re-creation, and so quite possi-

bly will add ten years even to his business life. If he be really the busy man he thinks he is, all this will depend upon the use he makes of margins and odd minutes,—and *this* will depend upon his *grip* and *grit*. It will take both grip and grit to keep three little Golden Rules that, kept, will make a business man's salvation. These three,—

I *will* be a reader.

I will read *best* books.

I will read best books *in the best way*, if it be but one a year.—*W. C. Gannett in "Unity."*

THE "CHRISTIAN UNION" ON THE PHILADELPHIA MEETINGS.

The *Christian Union* of Nov. 7 has an editorial upon the Philadelphia Conference, which will interest our readers. We print most of it below:

UNITARIANS IN COUNCIL.

The last month has been marked by general conventions of several religious bodies. The Congregationalists have held their National Council, and the American Board has had its Annual Meeting; the Episcopalians have held their General Convention, and the Universalists have also held a General Conference, and now the Unitarians have just closed the thirteenth biennial meeting of their National Conference. The meeting, which for some years has been held at Saratoga, was held this year at Philadelphia, with the view of doing incidentally a little missionary work while attending to the main object of the Conference.

The Unitarians having no liturgy to amend like the Episcopalians, no creed to revise like the Presbyterians, and no questions of discipline to adjust like the Methodists, their National Conferences are dependent for interest and excitement upon other subjects. . . . .

One need only compare the programme of this National Conference with those of fifteen or twenty years ago to note the decided change in spirit and method that has come over the Unitarian body. Its members and its churches have been marked by independence of conviction and diversity of belief. Feeling strongly the influence of the Transcendental movement in New England, Unitarianism has tended to develop individuality; it has found it hard to develop and illustrate the principle of association. When the American Unitarian Association was formed in 1825, some of the most prominent leaders of Unitarianism in that day were opposed to such an organization. They had a horror, which in some respects might be deemed wholesome, of forming a new sect; and for a long time after this Association was formed there was no organized union either for conference or missionary work among the churches. This strong individualism, while a defense against prelatical tendencies, has also proved to be a strong barrier to organic effort. If Unitarians have taught their evangelical brethren some things, they have also learned useful lessons from them; they have seen that a great religious body like the Baptists, whose churches are as independent as the Unitarian and who have no authoritative and formulated denominational creed, can yet combine effectively in the prosecution of missionary effort and of accepted denominational enterprises. That the Unitarians have been a little late in discovering this must be admitted by their friends and critics. The new change which has come over the spirit of Unitarianism is seen in the new organic enterprises which appear on their programme, and in the results which they are able to report. The American Unitarian Association, instead of being a simple association of individuals paying one dollar a year into its treasury, has become a body composed of delegates from churches contributing to its funds. It has practically become the treasury as well as the executive arm of the National Conference. The plan of forming State Conferences has been widely adopted, and several of them have secretaries who prosecute missionary work within the State borders. Though the seat of its strength is still in New England, Unitarianism is now seeking a foothold in the South and West, on the Pacific Coast, and even in Japan. . . . Before the war, Unitarians had two hundred

and fifty societies; to-day they number about four hundred. The larger part of this increase has come within the last ten or fifteen years. Formerly they raised six thousand dollars for all purposes; this year they have received, including the amounts given for the Montana Indian school and their Church Building Loan Fund, over sixty thousand dollars. Thirty years ago there was but one church on the Pacific Coast; now there are eighteen. Then, in the whole region from the Alleghanies to the Rocky Mountains, there were only thirteen churches; now there are ninety. Their distribution of tracts has increased from fifteen thousand to three hundred thousand a year, largely influenced by the organization of what has been called the Post-Office Mission. Eight years ago a Women's Auxiliary Conference was formed. Its members were confined largely to the eastern churches. The new Woman's Alliance, which has practically been consummated at Philadelphia, unites the women of the East and West in one national organization, composed of a large number of local branches. Another indication of the organic spirit is seen in the formation in the largest cities and towns of Unitarian clubs. Nine such societies have been formed since the last meeting of the National Conference.

Unitarianism has always been marked by a certain ethical spirit and an interest in benevolent activity and in social reform. The strong humanitarian tendency of the Unitarian Church was illustrated in a little anecdote told by the Rev. Dr. E. E. Hale at the recent Conference. Referring to the dedication of a Unitarian church in a small and remote city in New England, he quoted the remark of an intelligent lady, who said: "A Unitarian church to you merely means one more name on your calendar; to the people in this town it means better books, better music, better sewerage, better health, better life, less drunkenness, more purity, and better government." A church which stands for such things will find a mission even after the theological controversies which created it have passed away.

Though standing opposed to evangelical churches in matters of Christology, Unitarians have rendered good service in the defense of *theism.* It is worth noting that the paper which was generally conceded to be the most weighty of any given at the conference was that by Dr. Francis E. Abbot on "Scientific Theology the Ground of all Liberal Religion." Dr. Abbot's paper was an elaborate philosophic refutation of agnosticism. "Personality," he declared, "in nature and in man is the last word of science and of philosophy, and the first word of ethics and religion." Dr. Abbot's appearance at the Conference was the more interesting because nearly twenty years ago he withdrew from it on account of its Christological preamble. He has not attended a meeting since as a participant. Yet by invitation of the Council he appears at this meeting as a conservative, defending the theistic principle against the assaults of agnosticism.

TWO CHURCH CONFERENCES.

Under the above heading the New York *Tribune* discusses the national gatherings recently held by the Unitarian and Universalist bodies, in Philadelphia, Pa., and Lynn, Mass. It says:

The National Conference of Unitarian Churches, which has been in session in Philadelphia, has had no burning questions before it, and it has spent its time chiefly in listening to the reading of able papers rather than in the routine work of legislation. Indeed, the peculiar genius of Unitarianism finds, perhaps, its most perfect expression in the utterance of great religio-social truths and principles. It has no genius for ecclesiastical legislation. Such legislation would be contrary to all its traditions, not only of congregational polity, but of intellectual liberty. Unitarianism indeed may be described as a mode of thought rather than an organization. As such it has undoubtedly been a vital force in American Christianity, and if it has not weakened or modified the old creeds, it has undoubtedly modified the popular conception of them. . . . . It may well feel satisfied with having re-

acted so strongly on the old popular theology as to make it to-day obsolescent, if not actually obsolete.

The Universalists have also been holding a Convention at Lynn, in which they discussed the propriety of revising the Winchester Creed, which declares that God "will finally restore the whole family of mankind to holiness and happiness." The point made was that the word "restore" implies a fall from a state of paradisaical goodness, whereas Universalists believe that "man never had a paradise, but is on his way to one." Another point that came up was whether holiness and happiness were so united as the Creed implies them to be. Many eminent delegates declared that they were not, and maintained that the Creed should impress upon man the importance of righteousness, no matter whether it led to happiness or not. Finally, a revised statement of belief was adopted provisionally.

Like the Unitarians, the Universalists suffer from having been too successful. That is to say, the other Christian bodies have adopted or tolerated so many of their ideas and theories that their own growth has been seriously retarded. If all who incline to be Universalists in belief were to join the Universalist Church it would be one of the largest bodies in the country. And, similarly, if all who minimize miracles and dogmas were to become *bona fide* Unitarians, as they are sometimes urged to do by orthodox Christians, Unitarianism would not be the comparatively small thing it is to-day.

THE NATIONAL UNITARIAN CONFERENCE.

After meeting for so many years in Saratoga it was felt to be a little hazardous for the Conference to go anywhere else. But if it had to go elsewhere, surely it could not have chosen more wisely than in fixing upon Philadelphia. Nothing was left undone by the societies there that could aid in making the meetings a success. The hospitality was most generous; the arrangements for the meetings were admirable. Some of the congregations that assembled in the Academy of Music were probably twice as large as could be accommodated in any auditorium in Saratoga. The one great advantage of Saratoga, that of bringing the attendants upon the Conference together socially in so admirable a manner, of course no great city can equal. But we doubt if the judgment will be that in any other respect Saratoga is better as a place to meet than a great metropolis like Philadelphia. As a place to do missionary work the large city is of course much to be preferred: certainly it was no small matter to gather such a vast audience as assembled in the Academy, the last evening, to hear such masterly presentations of the thought of Liberal Christianity as fell from the lips of M. J. Savage, Dr. Hale, and George William Curtis. Moreover, the papers reported the Conference well. It cannot be otherwise than that the meetings have left behind them influences of permanent good in Philadelphia.

The Conference began with a meeting in the First Unitarian Church, on Monday evening, October 28, at which Rev. Joseph May, the minister, and Rev. J. H. Clifford of Germantown made addresses of welcome, and Dr. W. H. Furness preached. Although the preacher was eighty-nine years old his voice had lost little or none of its strength of forty years ago, his language none of its old felicity, and his thought none of its force and spirituality. It was counted a great privilege by the large audience present to hear Dr. Furness once more. His theme was that which always has inspired him most, the life and teaching of the great Prophet of Nazareth.

The President of the Conference was Hon. Samuel F. Miller, of the U. S. Supreme Court, who delivered an address on taking the moderator's chair on Tuesday morning.

The morning sessions of the Conference (Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday) were devoted to papers, discussions, and business, and the evening sessions to addresses.

On Tuesday forenoon reports were read on "The Western State Conferences," by Rev. J. H. Crooker; on "The Western Unitarian Association," by Rev. David Utter; on "The New England Conferences," by Rev. S. C. Beach; on "The New York and Middle States Conferences," by Rev. D. W. Morehouse; on "The Southern Conference," by Rev. G. L. Chaney; on "The Pacific Coast Conference," by Rev. T. L. Eliot, D. D.

At the Wednesday forenoon session papers were read on "Scientific Theology the Ground of all Liberal Religion," by Francis E. Abbot, Ph. D.; "The Supply of Ministers," by Rev. J. T. Sunderland; "The Minister's Mental Outfit," by Rev. J. H. Allen; "Preparation for the Practical Work of the Ministry," by Rev. John Tunis.

On Thursday forenoon three papers were read on "Church Life and Work," as follows: 1, "Building the Church," by Rev. Thomas R. Slicer; 2, "The Law of Growth," by Rev. Charles F. Dole; 3, "A Working Church," by Rev. Julian C. Jaynes.

On Tuesday evening Rev. S. R. Calthrop, Rev. Charles G. Ames, and Rev. J. Ll. Jones spoke on "The Revival of Faith." Wednesday evening was given to a presentation of the Work of the American Unitarian Association, Secretary Reynolds speaking of "The Work in Hand;" Rev. T. B. Forbush, "The Planting of Churches in New Communities;" Rev. Geo. Batchelor, "The Church Building Loan Fund;" Rev. Francis Tiffany, "The Indian School in Montana;" and Rev. Brooke Herford, "Our Work in India and Japan." On Thursday evening the subject was "The Religious Outlook," presented as we have already said by Mr. Savage, Dr. Hale and Mr. Curtis.

Of these various papers and addresses we cannot speak in detail. The men who gave them are a guaranty of their quality. We doubt if at least two or three were not as able and uplifting as have ever been presented to the Conference in all its history.

Resolutions were adopted by the Conference as follows: One commending the enterprise already begun of establishing a training school for ministers in connection with the University of California; another approving the effort being made to induce the clergymen of the different religious denominations to make the moral issues and duties involved in our elections and public administrations, subjects of their Thanksgiving Day discourses; another favoring the proposed endowment of a James Freeman Clarke professorship in the Meadville Theological School; another expressing appreciation of the work being done by Rev. A. D. Mayo in his "mission of education" in the South; another urging non-sectarian education in the schools and colleges of the country; another urging upon our churches greater interest in Sunday-schools and a better support of our Sunday School Societies; and others expressing appreciation of the services of Rev. R. N. Bellows, who had been for some years the General Secretary of the Conference, of the efficiency of the various committees that had managed the business side of the present meetings, and of the hospitality of the Philadelphia people.

An appeal was made for money for the endowment of the proposed James Freeman Clarke professorship at Meadville, and about $7,000 was pledged, in addition to the $5,000 pledged previously. Also contributions were asked to the $100,000 fund which is being raised for the A. U. A., resulting in one gift of $5,000 and many smaller contributions.

Rev. Narcisse Cyr, of Paris, addressed the Conference on Liberal Christianity in France, and presented the greetings with which he was charged from the one hundred and ninety-two Unitarian churches of that country.

Greetings were also received from the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, from the Universalists of Philadelphia, and from the Universalist National Convention recently in session at Lynn, Mass.; and suitable acknowledgements of the same were made.

Mr. Booker Washington, principal of the Tuskegee (Alabama) Industrial School, spoke of education among the colored people of the South, and especially of the work being done by the school under his charge.

Perhaps the most inspiring parts of the Conference were the morning devotional meetings conducted by Rev. Robert Collyer, Rev. W. C. Gannett, and Rev. Geo. L. Chaney.

Several important afternoon meetings were held that were outside the regular Conference programme.

At four o'clock on Tuesday there was a meeting of the Sunday School Societies. This we were unable to attend. There were papers and addresses by Miss Jacobs and Mrs. Wilson of Boston, Mrs. Slicer of Providence, Mrs. Leonard of Chicago, Mr. Jones of Chicago, and Mr. Jaynes of West Newton.

At two o'clock on Wednesday there was a business meeting of the Unitarian Church Temperance Society, and at three o'clock a public meeting of the same society, with addresses. These meetings also we were unable to attend. At four o'clock there was a meeting in the interest of Young People's Religious Societies, with reports and addresses by Rev. W. I. Lawrance, Rev. John Cuckson, Rev. S. C. Beach, Rev. J. T. Sunderland, Rev. J. Ll. Jones, and Mr. Sherman Hoar.

Of the Women's Meetings held in connection with the Conference we give an account on another page, under the head of "Woman's Word and Work."

Perhaps nothing about the Philadelphia Conference was more interesting than the opportunity it gave the delegates and visitors to see the good educational and philanthropic work that is being done by the Philadelphia churches. Of the work of the Spring Garden Church we gave an account in the August *Unitarian.* Of that carried on by the First Church we hope to speak more fully in a future number.

The Conference elected officers for the coming year as follows: President, Samuel F. Miller, Washington, D. C.; Vice-Presidents, George William Curtis, New York, Geo. W. McCrary, Kansas City, Dorman B. Eaton, New York, D. L. Shorey, Chicago, Horace Davis, San Francisco, J. G. Clark, Worcester; Secretary, Rev. Geo. Batchelor, Lowell, Mass.; Treasurer, W. H. Reed, Boston; Council, Rev. Brooke Herford, Boston, Mrs. J. W. Andrews, Boston, Rev. John Snyder, St. Louis, Rev. Thomas R. Slicer, Providence, Rev. Joseph May, Philadelphia, Rev. J. H. Crooker, Madison, Thomas J. Morris, Baltimore, Isaac H. Cary, Brooklyn, Henry H. Edes, Boston.

When near the end of the last business

session Mr. Gaffield of Boston moved that the next meeting of the Conference be held at Saratoga, Secretary Reynolds objected, asking all present to remember that probably at least a thousand people who are not Unitarians had attended the Philadelphia meetings. Was not such an opportunity to broadcast our word something greatly to be prized? The motion was withdrawn, and the choice of the next place of meeting was left with the Council.

THE CHICAGO CONVENTION.

The Chicago Unitarian Convention, the call for which had been published in the *Unitarian* and in other papers, came off just as our November number was going to press, October 22–24.

Our readers will remember that the call was signed by twenty-three ministers actually in charge of churches in the West. The objects of the Convention, as stated in the call, were "to seek ways of union and harmony among our churches and organizations that do missionary work in the West, to bring about more efficient co-operation and harmonious division of labor, to call out the full missionary strength of all our churches, and to do what we can to inspire them with the missionary spirit, and to strengthen their devotion to the principles of Liberal Christianity which we cherish in common."

The call was well responded to. Thirty-two churches were represented at the Convention by sixty-nine delegates; and "among the churches so reporting themselves (thus writes the secretary of the convention) were so many of the stronger, older, and more important churches of the West, that it is quite within bounds to say that far more than half of our Unitarian strength in the West was represented in the Convention."

The meetings were held at the Church of the Messiah. On Tuesday evening Rev. Brooke Herford preached the opening sermon. A most fitting and noble sermon it was. We speak of its general line of thought on another page. A very large congregation came out to hear, made up, of course, to a considerable extent of those who had known and loved Mr. Herford in the years of his Chicago ministry. The social reception in the church parlors was also largely attended by the visitors from a distance and by representatives of all four of the Unitarian churches of the city.

At nine o'clock on Wednesday morning there was a devotional meeting. Sessions for business and discussion were held at 10 A. M. and at 2 P. M. A paper was read by Rev. T. B. Forbush, the newly appointed western secretary of the A. U. A., on "Planting Unitarian Churches." This was followed by a discussion led by Rev. J. T. Sunderland. A second paper was read by Rev. J. H. Crooker, on "The Supply of Unitarian Ministers," which was followed by a discussion opened by Rev. J. Ll. Jones.

On Wednesday evening a platform meeting was held, with addresses by Secretary Reynolds, and Rev. Messrs. Batchelor, Slicer, and Horton, from the East.

On Thursday a paper was read on "The Church of the Isolated." The writer was Rev. A. M. Judy of Davenport, Iowa, but as he had been obliged to return home on Wednesday evening, the paper was read by Rev. Geo. A. Thayer of Cincinnati.

The principal business transacted by the Convention was the consideration and approval of a plan presented by Mr. Forbush for uniting the various local conferences of the West into an association for consultation and co-operation with one another and with the A. U. A. in missionary work. The plan also embraced the holding of an annual convention of the western Unitarian churches. Rev. J. H. Crooker, Rev. John Snyder and Rev. A. M. Judy were appointed a committee to lay the plan before the local conferences and to assist in carrying it into operation.

The meetings of the Convention were generally well attended.

The results accomplished were perhaps not just what any one would have preferred; and yet we think that at least to those who called the Convention they were in the main satisfactory. The Convention itself could not fail to do good by its earnest and generally fraternal spirit, and by bringing together many who had not met since the unfortunate session of the Western Conference in Cincinnati that divided the West, four years ago.

Moreover it is believed that the proposed Association of Local Conferences, if it can be really set in operation, will prove a thing of value, by affording an opportunity for united work among the churches and workers who cannot unite on the basis of the Western Conference.

A BRIGHTENING OUTLOOK.

For the first time since the action taken by the Western Conference at Cincinnati, we are able to see what seems to us real light upon the western problem.

Plainly, what is known as the "western issue" is not settled. The contest over the question whether or not that definition of Unitarianism is to prevail which leaves out God and Christ, and includes only ethics and free thought, is by no means over, and will not be over for many a year. But the events of the past few months have made it perfectly clear that the tendency in the Unitarian denomination in this country as a whole, is not toward any

such definition, but most unequivocally in the opposite direction, and that even in the West it finds acceptance with much less than half our churches and workers.

The wide-spread favor shown at first towards the western ethical leaders and their position proves now to have arisen, as we were sure all the while it did, from a misunderstanding of what that position was. It was long supposed that the question at issue was one primarily of fellowship, and since all Unitarians believe in breadth and nobody believes in narrowness, there was a great burst of sympathy among those who did not know the facts in the case, East and West, in favor of the new western champions of breadth and freedom. But when at last it came to light that nobody had been trying to limit breadth or freedom, and that the question at issue was not primarily one of fellowship at all, but was rather the question whether or not God should be defined out of Unitarianism, then there was an unmistakable reversal of judgment and sympathy.

There is still a wide-spread and real sympathy among us for the western ethical leaders as men, and for the work which most of them are doing in their own churches, as there ought to be; for they are generally theists and thoroughly religious. But the position they have taken regarding Unitarianism, is discredited; there is every reason now to believe that a large majority of the Unitarians of the West have no sympathy with it, and that in the country as a whole its following is very much smaller still. Indeed we probably never had in our history a national gathering at which so many and so strong affirmations of the unequivocally and necessarily theistic character of Unitarianism were made, as at the recent National Conference in Philadelphia. From beginning to end the tide set one way with a unanimity that was extraordinary.

Of course this change of sentiment in the denomination has not been the result of any one agency. Many have helped. Especially is the denomination indebted to the wise action of the American Unitarian Association. It would hardly be possible to speak too strongly of the good results that have come from Mr. Batchelor's year and a half of travel, observation, inquiry and fraternal helpfulness among the western churches, and then from the repeated missionary tours through the West made by Secretary Reynolds and the eastern ministers whom he has associated with him in those tours. These men have been able to find out exactly the truth about the western situation, and when they have told what they found, there has been nothing for the denomination to do only to believe them. Especially valuable have been Mr. Batchelor's printed reports of his western observations, the longest and most important of which was published in the *Unitarian* of last month.

Through these channels and others, then, the light has come that has finally enabled the denomination to set itself right regarding the western ethical movement.

Besides this matter of letting the denomination know the real situation in the West, several other things have been accomplished recently, which seem to us encouraging.

One is the appointment of a permanent superintendent of the activities of the American Unitarian Association in the West. We have believed that until some competent man could be put into the western field to give his time and strength to that work and to become himself a sort of center around which the friends and supporters of the A. U. A. could rally, little could be accomplished. But at last such a superintendent has been appointed, and he has accepted the appointment.

The other advance step from which we believe good will come, has been the holding of a Convention in Chicago, which has called together for the first time in four years representatives of the leading churches of the West that are in sympathy with the religious position of the A. U. A.

If that Convention did not accomplish all that could have been desired, it accomplished quite all that was ex-

pected. It adopted plans for the formation of a general league or association of all the local conferences of the West for consultation with one another and for co operation with the A. U. A.; and it also took steps looking to the holding of a general convention of western Unitarians in Chicago each autumn.

We believe that these are all steps in the right direction, the results of which cannot fail to be good. Thus we look forward with some confidence to the future.

Of course the Western Conference will go on, for a time at least, as will the various activities connected with it; but now that it has become clear what the new Unitarianism means, which that Conference represents, the law of the survival of the fittest, which perhaps must be the final arbiter in all such matters, will determine whether Ethical or Christian Unitarianism shall inherit the future. With a knowledge of the real issue once clearly before the denomination we have no doubt of the final result, and for that result are content to wait.

ONE UPWARD LOOK EACH DAY.

SELECTIONS FROM THEODORE T. MUNGER.

SUNDAY.

The World's Unrest.

There are hours when the whole world, and all it contains, shrivels to nothingness, and God alone fills the mind; hours of human desolation, seasons of strange, mysterious exaltation, times of earthly despair, or of joy; the height and excess of any emotion bears us away into a region where God himself dwells. But even if we have taught ourselves to make the impression of these hours constant, there is still an unsatisfied element in the knowledge. We long for more, for nearness, for sight or something that stands for sight, for the Father at hand, and the home of the soul. . . . The unrest of this weary world is its unvoiced cry after God.

MONDAY.

We are God's Heirs.

This ceaseless cry and strife for something we have not got, this outstretched hand of humanity, is not a caprice, nor yet an act of selfishness, but rests on this divine, inborn sense of heirship to all things; only, we forget that we must inherit through God, that only the meek possess the earth, the pure in heart see God. But what a truth! What transforming power is wrapt up in it! What a light it throws on toil, and narrow circumstance, and all these restraints and bonds that tie us down to this place and that task! I take it that a great part of this earthly tuition and discipline is not more to work out the evil that is in us, than to prepare us to receive what God has in readiness to give us. I cannot otherwise interpret the great and terrible withholding seen in the vast majority of lives; this fearful negative must mean a gracious positive.

TUESDAY.

God's Love will fulfil all Longings.

I do not build my expectations of the future on the processes and conditions now going on, but rather on the absolute nature of God, which is love; it is the nature of love to meet wants, and will omnipotent love leave any wants unmet? I do not forget that life is largely made up of duties and responsibilities, but these are simply forerunners, having no value in themselves, and but the drill and education necessary for a reception of God's measureless gifts. . . . . God is an imposer of duties; yes, but beyond that he is the Rewarder of those who diligently seek him. God says, "Thou shalt and thou shalt not," and scourges the disobedient; yes, but above and beneath all this he is the giver of eternal life to all who will, and this must contain all things.

WEDNESDAY.

The Reward of Obedience.

Forever and forever is it true that reward follows obedience, tritest yet truest of all words. It is the one all embracing, unfaltering truth, the gravitation of the moral universe,—Obey and be blest!

Obedience does not merely avoid the suffering of broken law, but it yields a positive reward. Every act of obedience, if consciously rendered and so becoming an act of faith, has a reward commensurate with the act. . . . Whenever, anywhere in this universe, any soul hears the divine voice saying, "Thou shalt," and reverently obeys, it finds, however it be with other results, this unfailing one, a deep and peaceful satisfaction in having obeyed. . . . The New Jerusalem lieth four-square; so stands he who has learned to render a truthful obedience to his God; he stands true to the world, true to himself, true to the eternity about him, and true to God.

THURSDAY.

Compassion.

The highest relation of man to man is that of compassion. Hardly separable from love in words, it may be in conception; it is love at its best, love quick, love in its highest gradation; it is the brooding, the yearning feeling, the love that protects while it enfolds. . . . God forbid that any

of us should pass through suffering and come out of it, not only unchastened, but with no tenderer feeling for the whole suffering humanity! It should be the first question with one who in any way suffers, as it is nearly always the first impulse: To what service of ministering pity am I called?

FRIDAY.

The Duty of Man.

Service unites in a practical form the two highest qualities or forces of our nature, —love and fidelity; one covering our emotional, the other our moral faculties; one fixing us in the eternal order of human sympathy and oneness, the other turning it to practical ends and holding it steady to its work.

Thus service becomes the height and sum of human duty. Servants exalted into friends; servants understanding the glory of their calling and also the secret of blessedness; servants in the one work of doing good in an "evil world;" such is the name and vocation of all who are born into the world. Its finest characteristic is steadfastness, the holding-on quality, persisting, not by mere force of will, but by sympathy with, and faith in, the end to be reached.

SATURDAY.

God is Our Shield.

For vast multitudes life is unutterably sad and bitter, for many others it is dull and insipid, for others one long disappointment, for none is it its own reward. It will always wear this aspect to the sensitive and the thoughtful unless some other element or power is brought in. Man cannot well face life without some shield between. He may fight ever so bravely, but the spears of life will be too many and too sharp for him. And no shield will thoroughly defend him but God. The lowest, by its very condition, demands the highest; the weakest calls out for the strongest. You have but to name God before sorrow and it changes color; name him before burdens and they grow less; name him before the vanity of life and it disappears. The whole sphere and scene of life is changed, lifted into a realm of power and wisdom and gladness.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Please read the letter from a little girl, which we print in our department of News From the Field, under "Winona," and when you have read it "lend a hand" as you are able.

Try reading Mr. Herford's "Old Bible Stories" to your Sunday-schools, or to your children at home, and you will be surprised to find how much the children will like them.

Said George William Curtis at the National Unitarian Conference: "There are those who call Channing and his followers infidels. Well, without taking the trouble either to affirm or to deny the truth of the charge, at least this we may say, that if Channing was an infidel, then a company of infidels would be an ideal human society."

Unity is warm in its expressions of dissatisfaction with the National Conference, because it did not show more sympathy with the new western kind of Unitarianism. Three years ago when the Conference last met in Saratoga, there was a wide-spread idea among the members that the western ethical men were somehow or other leading an advance movement for a larger and better Unitarianism, and that therefore they ought to be sustained. But the three years seem pretty effectually to have dispelled that idea. It was in the nature of things that a movement to make theism no longer an essential of Unitarianism, no matter by what fine names it called itself, or how confidently it announced itself as the "prophetic" movement of the age, must lose the sympathy of Unitarians generally when once its real character became understood. Its real character is now pretty generally known, hence the change of sentiment toward it shown in the National Conference. Toward the individual men who are at the head of the movement there was as much cordiality shown at Philadelphia as ever. Mr. Jones, Mr. Gannett, and others had prominent places given them. But towards the peculiar cause they represent it is not strange that they felt that there was "a coldness in the meeting."

There was no lack of appreciation of the ethical leaders, or of ethics; indeed the word everywhere was, Let us emphasize ethics, more if possible than we have ever done. But the word was quite as strong, We are theists; we are Christians: if our work is not to fail it must be Christian,—at least it must be

built upon a basis of distinct and unequivocal theism. Indeed, Francis E. Abbot went so far as to declare that there is no foundation for ethics itself that is worth a straw, only theism.

An intimation is made by *Unity* in its issue of Nov. 16, that unless our present national organizations, the National Conference and the American Unitarian Association, become more cordial toward the Western Conference the time may come when the latter body will lose its local limitations and become national.

Our contemporary should remember that if there is any want of cordiality toward the Western Conference the responsibility rests wholly with that body.

We should like to correct a misapprehension which the editor of *Unity* seems to have fallen into as to the character of the new Local Conference Association which was, if not organized, at least initiated at the late Convention in Chicago. He understands it to include not only the State Conferences of the West, and the Western Conference, but also the Women's Conference and the Sunday School Society. We have taken pains to ascertain the intention of the man with whom the idea of the new association originated and who drew up the plan for it which was considered and adopted at Chicago, and he did *not* have in mind the inclusion of the *last two mentioned* organizations, as he did not the inclusion of the Channing Club of Chicago or the Unitarian Club of St. Louis, or any other organization not generally known as a State or Local Conference. It is certain, too, that no such inclusion was even suggested in the meeting of ministers which considered the plan, or in the meetings of the committee to which it was referred and which reported favoring its adoption. The leading idea in the minds of those who have taken steps to form the new association has been to get a general western organization that shall be really representative of the West;—of the whole West,—an organization not under the virtual control of a few active persons in Chicago. If Chicago were given a wholly *disproportional* representation—a *triple* representation, through *three* organizations (two of them certainly not "local conferences" in the ordinary meaning of these words) the end in view would of course be defeated.

As *Unity* through its misunderstanding has given an incorrect impression in the matter to its readers, we hope it will correct the same.

"Progress *in* the great fundamental truths of religion, not *away from* them—" was the central thought of Rev. Brooke Herford's admirable sermon in the Church of the Messiah at the opening of the recent Chicago Convention. His theme was "True Religious Progress." He showed that religious progress is a necessity, that any religion which does not keep itself faced to the future, and always ready to move forward to meet the changing and growing thought and needs of man is in so far an imperfect religion. But what *is* real religious progress? There is in religion, as everywhere else, much motion, much change, claiming to be progress, that is not progress at all, but mere wild wandering; indeed much of the change that has called itself progress has always been positive retrogression.

One thing is certain, real religious progress will never take men away from faith in and commitment to the great central fundamentals of religion. Here liberalism has often made a fatal mistake. In the name of progress it has led men away again and again into the cold and barren lands of denial and negation, in which religion could not live. In such cases true progress has always consisted in coming back from the mistaken wanderings, to the simple, ineradicable life-giving faiths which God has planted in the soul of man. On these religion may build and ought to build edifices ever better and better adapted to man's practical needs, ever larger and more glorious. This is real progress. But the building must be done on these everlasting foundations. To leave these foundations and then undertake to build, is like attempting to con-

struct a science of mathematics after the fundamental axioms upon which all mathematics must rest have been discarded. Mathematics can never progress away from its axioms; but it may progress indefinitely upon them. So religion can never progress away from its axioms,—simple fundamental faiths,—central among which in the very nature of things must forever be faith in God. *Upon* these, or *in* these it may progress forever; but to *move away from* these is not only to abandon progress, it is to *die*.

The two great seats of higher learning in England, Oxford and Cambridge, are to be supplied with Unitarian preaching. At Oxford there will be regular services hereafter in connection with Manchester New College, our theological school which has just been taken there from London. And now a subscription is being raised to carry on services at Cambridge, for at least three years; and so much success has been met with that services for the present year have already begun. The first sermon was preached by Rev. S. A. Steinthal; and succeeding discourses were announced from Rev. J. E. Odgers, Dr. Drummond, Professor Carpenter, Dr. Crosskey and Rev. P. H. Wicksteed.

We are sure our English brethren are wise in taking this forward step, of carrying our word into these great centers of University life.

The students at Manchester New College (how much more fitting and less confusing it would be to call it "*Martineau* College!") will not only have the benefit of the instruction of their own Unitarian professors, but will also take more or less work under such broad and liberal scholars, not Unitarians, as Canon Driver, Canon Cheyne, Dr. Hatch, Professor Wallace and Dr. E. B. Tylor. This illustrates one of the advantages there is in having theological schools located at great seats of learning.

The great London strike made one fact more clear than perhaps it had ever been made before, viz., that the drink-traffic derives its support largely from the scant earnings of the poor. It is reported that many of the liquor saloons of the East End, where the strike occurred, were bankrupted by the withdrawal of their usual patronage. By the persuasion of their leaders the men "on strike" largely ceased drinking, and the relief fund was consequently increased and made much more effective for good. It is to be hoped that the poor toilers whose lot is so hard at best have learned a permanent lesson of sobriety, learned that they have no other such enemy as the liquor seller.

One of the most remarkable events of history has just occurred in South America—the deposing of an emperor, and the transformation of a great nation from a monarchy into a republic by wholly peaceful means, without the sacrifice of a life. It is perhaps the most striking proof yet furnished that the era of the people has come. Is it a foregleam of an age, by and by to appear, when the affairs of nations shall be conducted by methods of reason and justice, and not by the old brutal method of arbitration by the sword?

In connection with the great rejoicings that our Roman Catholic friends have been making of late over the rapid growth of their church in America, it may not be out of place to remember that this growth has come, not from conversions to the Catholic faith, not mainly from the natural growth of population, but principally from immigration, from the transfer to our shores of the adherents of that faith in other lands. As one of our leading daily papers expresses it: "The Catholic church in this country is not so much the Catholic church of the United States as it is the Catholic church of Ireland, Austria, Italy, and France."

With all its enormous increase from immigration it is questionable if the Catholic body is growing as fast as a single one of the Protestant denominations (the Methodist), which has no such outside help.

Says the *Christian Union* of Nov. 7: "An undenominational Sunday School Convention is to be held in Tremont Temple, Boston, Wednesday and Thursday, November 13 and 14, similar to the meeting held in 1887. Delegates are invited from every evangelical Sunday School in the State of Massachusetts."

Indeed! But pray tell us, how is this? A convention limited to the "evangelical" sects announced as "undenominational!" And such talk is heard on every side. Here a "union" church is established, and declared to be "wholly unsectarian," but when we make inquiry we find that only "orthodox" services can he held in it. Here is a "non-sectarian" paper, but there is no place in it for anything that is Universalist, Unitarian, or New Church. Here is a convention that is advertised as "undenominational," but only delegates from "evangelical" churches can be admitted.

What does this way of speaking mean? Is it something intended to deceive, something intended to cover up an objectionable thing under the mask of words that are not objectionable? Or is it a mere loose use of language unworthy of a paper like the *Christian Union*? Which?

We are glad to see that a Chair of Biblical Literature has been established in the literary department of Yale College, with a reported endowment of $50,000, and with Professor Wm. R. Harper as the incumbent. If Homer and Shakspeare ought to be taught in our colleges, certainly the Bible ought to be. To be sure, in connection with the Bible there arises the serious difficulty that as yet few persons are willing to have the Bible taught as literature and history, without theological bias. It is too much to hope that even in Yale, with so scholarly and so broad a man as Professor Harper, it can be taught without such bias. Still, it is something to have the attempt made.

"Truth is great and mighty above all things."
"Truth is the music of heaven."

WOMAN'S WORD AND WORK.

NEW YORK LEAGUE OF UNITARIAN WOMEN.

The first autumn meeting of the New York Women's League was held in Robert Collyer's church, Nov. 8th. As a consequence of the late Conference in Philadelphia we had the pleasure of greeting friends from East and West who had lingered in this vicinity.

After a delightful report of the May meeting from Miss Low's facile pen and an interesting report from the Religious News Committee, Miss Bird presented, on behalf of the Philanthropic News Committee, a timely account of one of Brooklyn's youngest and most beneficent philanthropies, the Pratt Institute. This Institute offers training in nearly all the manual industries, and gives instruction in art and music. Through its library alone it has reached during the last year over four thousand people.

Mrs. Richardson, the President of the Western Women's Conference, next gave us cordial greeting. She expressed much sympathy in our aims, and interest in our common work, and hoped that the space which might naturally separate us would be ignored in feeling and in the recognition of those "trysting places of the Spirit" which in reality unite us all.

The subject of the day, "Proportion in Life," was then most suggestively treated in a paper by Mrs. James D. Smillie. The divisions of the subject were:

I. What relative proportion of our time shall we give to home, to church, and to social duties?

II. Are we often in danger of setting aside great duties for trivial ones?

III. How can we balance the claims of others with our duties to ourselves?

IV. What underlying principle is there which will not only harmonize but inspire all these relationships?

Some of the practical suggestions which followed were, that while a woman's first duties must be in her home, that need not be her sole, absorbing interest. Husband and children will be the better for the outside influences and interests which refresh and broaden the mother's life. She can do much to simplify the machinery of domestic cares. Routine makes time. Worry deadens it. Little things, surely, are no real cause for discontent, and the dreaded great things of the future may never come. We have the high privilege of choice, and we can resolve to dwell upon the large, the bright, the high considerations of life rather than upon their opposites. The claims of society cannot be ignored wholly, but even fashion may be made a servant to high ideas. The principle which can safely be trusted to unite the apparently conflicting claims on our energy and time is found in Christ's words, "Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you."

The touch of the scholar and the grace of the finished writer were delightfully felt in Miss Kate Hillard's paper which was next read. Unhappily a few sentences can reproduce nothing of its charm and felicity.

In art and in every department of thought as in life itself a sense of proportion is one of the last gifts to be developed. This sense depends either on grasp of imagination or a wide range of experience and sometimes on both. One may easily drop into the way of overestimating the importance of our neighbor's duties and underestimating our own. What seems to us at one time an inextricable coil of duties, may, a few years after, appear a simple and beneficent arrangement. There is an insidious ambition which conceals itself behind the ostensible wish to be useful. One of the hardest things is to stand aside and let another do the noble deed. The quality of the thing to be done and our own ability to do it will help us settle these questions. We also need the point of view from which to look at our present as if it were the past, and to remember ever to seek, not our own advantage nor even our own progress, but the highest good of all.

Mrs. Tolles said that the permanent thing to extend good influences was character. A woman can often gain much time by reflecting that she need not be the hands of a household though she is its head. Most women need to train themselves in promptness of decision. The habit can be formed in little things and when a great emergency is reached it will be of much avail.

Mrs. Waller presented some well defined opinions in connection with the third question—on what one is to do about bores, and Mrs. Catlin followed in a similar vein of thought. Everyone has something of value to give another. In hesitating to give our time to a bore, do we ever ask ourselves if our own inferiority is *always* more interesting than some one's else inferiority.

Mrs. Parsons thought that the last question of the day might be answered by the quality of personal integrity. A blending of justice and firmness form integrity. In the pressure of public opinion and conventionality one often does not dare to utter herself.

Several other speakers followed, Mrs. Davis, of Syracuse, amplifying the thought of her predecessor on the need of quiet and of contemplation in our busy lives. After the reading of Emerson's poem, "Be of good cheer brave spirit," the meeting was closed by prayer and singing. M. H. E.

THE PHILADELPHIA MEETING OF THE WOMEN'S AUXILIARY.

The public meeting of the Women's Conference was held on Wednesday in the fine audience room of the First Church. The attendance was large. The President, Mrs. J. W. Andrews, made an excellent opening address of welcome, after which reports were read from the Secretary, the Treasurer, Miss Channing, Miss Downing, Mrs. Slicer, Mrs. Jordan and other directors, also from Miss Florence Hilton, Secretary of the Women's Western Conference, and Miss Frances Le Baron, Secretary of the National Post-Office Mission.

The Secretary of the Conference reported the number of "branches" as 107, the number of members as 4,200. The branches all hold meetings monthly or oftener. Most carry on religious study class work.

Contributions of money have been sent to forty-two new churches or feeble ones needing assistance. The Montana Indian School has been helped,—also the educational work at Tuskegee, Proctor Academy, and Meadville, and various other good objects, such as the Building Loan Fund, and Fund for the Widows of Clergymen, and the Barnard Chapel.

Post-Office Mission work is reported as done at forty-two centers; twenty-one branches report 1,945 correspondents; three have been instrumental in forming churches; several have established Sunday-schools and Sunday circles. Twenty-nine branches distributed last year from the "church door tract rack" 64,080 tracts. Seven branches have established loan libraries.

Three very interesting and able papers were read, one by Mrs. J. C. Learned, of St. Louis, on "The Work of Religious Study Classes;" another by Mrs. Helen Campbell, of New York, on "Some Convictions as to Poverty;" a third by Miss Gertrude B. Magill, of Wilmington, Del., on "Personal Relations to Jesus."

It was voted that the present board of officers of the Women's Auxiliary Conference continue to serve for another year or until a meeting should be called by the president and directors.

Several meetings were held for the purpose of considering the formation of a new national organization of women to take the place of the Auxiliary Conference. The proposed constitution for the same, which had been submitted to the women of the denomination, was amended in several important ways, mentioned below; and it was voted to postpone the final decision as to the formation of the new organization, under the amended constitution, until January 15, 1890.

THE NATIONAL WOMEN'S ALLIANCE.

We have read with interest the amended constitution of the proposed Women's Alliance, as it appears in the *Christian Register* of November 4, and are glad to find that all the more important clauses of the original draft which called out criticism, have been amended so as to remove their principal objectionable features.

The organization outlined by this amended constitution will be: (1) definitely Christian; (2) broadly inclusive, that is inclusive

of "Unitarian and *other Liberal Christian women;*" (3) in declared co-operation with both our other national bodies, the A. U. A. and the National Conference; and (4) will leave the "branches" at liberty to dispose of all their funds, save their life membership fees and one-third of their annual membership fees, in whatever manner and through whatever disbursing agency they may choose. This last provision will leave those branches which deplore the formation of a separate treasury, at liberty still to disburse most of their funds through the treasury of the A. U. A. With reference to other minor points in the constitution which have been criticised, doubtless all will recognize that they are minor, and will be ready to waive objections in the interests of a wide union and co-operation.

The action of the Auxiliary Conference in voting at Philadelphia to accept these amendments, but to defer final action upon the adoption of the constitution itself until it could be resubmitted, with the amendments, to the women of our fellowship, must, we think, commend itself as eminently wise. Besides ensuring a careful consideration of the document itself on its intrinsic merits, this action, by throwing the responsibility for the final vote upon the individual societies, must awaken a sense of responsibility on the part of the societies, which will prove a source of strength to the new organization if the amended constitution is accepted as we think it will be. Doubtless the committee which has the matter in charge will see to it that every women's organization in our fellowship is supplied with copies of the amended constitution at an early date; and we sincerely hope that our societies generally will respond cordially to the courtesy of the Philadelphia Conference in referring the final vote back to them, by seeing to it that their votes are duly given. For ourselves we should have preferred that the funds of the women's organization should continue to be disbursed through the A. U. A.; and in some other points we could have wished the new constitution somewhat different. But on the whole it seems to us satisfactory, and we shall cordially hope for its adoption. E. R. S.

BOOKS AND CULTURE.

WHITTIER.

The new edition of Whittier's works published by Houghton, Mifflin & Company, in seven volumes, makes it very tempting to write of that author at the present time. Four of these volumes are given to his poetry, and three to his prose works; but both prose and poetry are newly arranged and in a more systematic manner than hitherto. The first volume of the poetry contains the narrative and legendary poems; the second, those on anti-slavery, labor, and reform; the third, the poems of Nature, and the poems reminiscent and religious; while the fourth is devoted to personal poems, the "Tent on the Beach," the poems of Elizabeth H. Whittier, and the earlier poems which have been previously omitted from his collected works. The first volume of the prose works is devoted to "Margaret Smith's Journal," tales and sketches; the second, to "Old Portraits and Modern Sketches," personal sketches and tributes and historical papers; while the third brings together his scattered essays on the conflict with slavery, and on reform and politics, the inner life, and essays in literary criticism. In these volumes may be found all that Whittier has written which he cares to preserve, carefully edited by himself and given to the public in a most attractive manner. Indeed, this may be regarded as a definitive edition of the works of the Quaker poet, for he is not likely to add to the volume of his writings, and nothing of permanent interest can be collected from his inedited writings. Here is the Whittier we are to know in the future, except as his personality may be more fully revealed in a biography. His admirers will find this a most satisfactory presentment of his writings, which gain in interest and significance and impressiveness by this systematic arrangement according to topics.

Whittier has not himself put a high estimate on his own literary work; and he takes a very modest view of his poetical capacity. He has not been, strictly speaking, a man of letters; that is, he has not made authorship his foremost occupation, but he has been a reformer, editor, and farmer rather than a writer. Since 1865, however, until within a few years, he has given more of his life to poetry than during his earlier years; and his flights of song have been nobler and higher.

When he was made a member of the National Carriage Builders' Association, a few years since, he gave, in acknowledging the honor, this estimate of his own work: "I am not a builder in the sense of Milton's phrase of one who could 'build lofty rhyme.' My vehicles have been of humbler sort—merely the farm wagon and buck-boards of verse, and not likely to run as long as Dr. Holmes's 'One Horse Shay,' the construction of which entitles him to the first place in your association. I should not dare to warrant any of my work for a long drive." Yet the genuine, tender humanity of his poetry; his earnest sympathy with everything noble; his compassion for all who are wronged or outcast; his simple, plain, homely thought and style; his deep and abounding faith, and his quick spiritual apprehension expressed in poems that are vital with sentiment and purity, insure him a place among the poets most dearly loved by the many.

There are poets, like Dante, who appeal to a few deep and serious souls by the lofti ness of their spiritual flight and philosophic

apprehension; and there are poets, like Whittier, who appeal to the experiences and sentiments of the great mass of mankind, with enlarging power of aspiration and ideal living. Whatever the estimate critics may put on the work of such a man as Whittier, his poetry is likely to live, because it is so quickened with what appeals to the every-day life of the great body of those who are facing the problems of existence with earnest desire to understand them in a simple and loving way.

Whittier is one of the most American of our poets, for he takes nearly all his themes from the past or present of American life. The legends and traditions of our early days he has done much to illustrate and make attractive. He has never been out of the United States, has never been carried captive by the thought and literature of any other country; but he has been throughout his career a lover of his native land and inspired by the themes she presents to the poet. Stoddard tells us that "it is safe to say that Whittier has been less influenced by other literatures than any of our poets, with the exception perhaps of Bryant;" and that "the question of originality never occurs to him in reading the poetry of Whittier, who never reminds him of any other poet, living or dead, being at all times and on all subjects, his own simple, natural, manly self." Mary Russell Mitford called him "the most intensely national of American poets."

Whittier has done more than any other of our poets to develop the picturesque in our legendary past; and it is only when his poems are grouped together that we realize how extensive and important has been his work of this kind. In his early life he was greatly fascinated by this kind of subject, and two or three of his prose volumes, as well as many poems, came from his pen inspired by the legendary side of New England life. Among his longer poems inspired by American legendary themes are "The Bridal of Pennacook," "Mabel Martin," "The Pennsylvania Pilgrim," and several of the poems in "The Tent on the Beach." Of shorter poems there are "Cassandra Southwick," "Skipper Ireson's Ride," "The Swan Song of Parson Avery," "The Prophecy of Samuel Sewall," "Amy Wentworth," "Marguerite," "The King's Missive," and many others. These have a flavor of the soil to be found nowhere else in greater perfection. He has caught the very tone and color of the life he paints.

Whittier's "songs of labor," and those other poems in which he magnifies the home, and daily toil, and the simple scenes of common life, are among the best of the kind which we possess. They have not the genius we find in the similar poetry of Burns, but they are purer and wholesomer in tone, their spirit is healthier and more noble. His poems of Nature, his descriptions of wood, river, lake, bay, and ocean; of flower, sky, and bird, are all true and simple as the things described. He is a genuine lover of Nature in her more commonplace ways; and he has done much to make the scenes about his own home classic to the eyes of those who turn to them with the help of his poetry.

Whipple said that Whittier is one of our most characteristic poets; and that a common thought comes from him rammed with life. The same critic said that "he has that vigor, truthfulness and manliness of character; that freedom from conventional shackles; that native energy and independence of nature, which form the basis of the character of every great genius." Whittier is really a great genius of that order to which belong the poets of real life, the poets who magnify for us the common efforts and duties of men. If Whittier sings of what in life is homely, he makes it beautiful with sentiment and ideal excellence. His love of Nature, says Lowell, is "the genuine passion of a man born and bred in the country, who has not merely a visiting acquaintance with the landscape, but stands on terms of lifelong friendship with hill, stream, rock and tree." In the same way, he writes of the simple experiences of men and women as one of them, and as one who has realized in his own living all that is beautiful in life, all that inspires it, and all there is in it of heroic fidelity to commonplace duties.

We love the poetry of Whittier, not only because it is true to Nature and life, but because it is so truly human, and so intense in its interest in every experience of man. He has remained all his life a farmer, has never broken away from the tastes and surroundings of his humble boyhood, has not had his life reconstructed by the literary polish of the schools, and has retained the quiet, simple notions of the old-time Quakers. All these things conspire to make him one of the most popular of our poets, because one of those nearest to the minds and hearts of the people. He is the Burns of America; and he is the true interpreter of the life of its working, honest millions.

In these volumes for the first time are collected Whittier's anti-slavery writings or such of them as he wishes to preserve. Of course, reference is made more particularly to his prose writings on that subject, which have little other than a biographical or historical interest; but which ought to be preserved as the poet's contribution to this great cause. In the future his anti-slavery writings may not rank among those of most importance; but they represent a genuine part of his life. For many years his life was mainly devoted to the work of reform; and that part of it he regards with most approval as he looks back on his past career. When it was stated some years ago that he regretted the part he took in the anti-slavery agitation, he replied: "The simple fact

is, that I cannot be sufficiently thankful to the Divine Providence that so early called my attention to the great interests of humanity, saving me from the poor ambitions and miserable jealousies of a selfish pursuit of literary reputation. Up to a comparatively recent period my literary writings have been simply episodical, something apart from the real object and aim of my life; and whatever of favor they have found with the public has come to me as a grateful surprise rather than as an expected reward." The same feeling of self-distrust enters into his estimate of his work for the anti-slavery cause, to which he was loyal for many years. In writing of that struggle for human freedom he said of his own part in it: "I have learned many lessons of distrust of myself, and charity for others. In the great moral miracle of our age I find no place for self-exaltation. It is not of man, but of God. With a feeling of awful reverence and gratitude I recognize the fact that He has permitted me to be in some degree instrumental in a work of which I was not worthy; and that the folly and inexperience, as well as the wrath of man, have been made to praise him."

This estimate of his work on Whittier's part shows the constitutional modesty of the man, who thinks of others rather than of himself; but it cannot blind us to the importance of the labors he has given to the cause of humanity. That he was a reformer does not make his poetry of greater value; but it increases our regard for the man, that in a time which tired men's souls he was not found wanting.

To very many persons Whittier's religious poems will be the most dear of any he has written. They are the most characteristic of him, without doubt; and they are the most likely to have an enduring life. Many of his religious poems have the prophet's and the psalmist's grasp on spiritual things, and the assured conviction of their reality. One cannot read too often anything so filled with the spiritual aroma of a pure faith as his "My Psalm," "The Eternal Goodness," "Our Master," and "My Triumph." These poems appeal to the spiritual aspirations and wants of all, bringing cheer and courage alike to the simplest and the wisest. The secret of their charm and power is to be found in the Quaker doctrine of the inward light, which has always been fully accepted by Whittier. He does not rest content with the Church, and the Bible, or with Christianity as an institutional religion of the past; but he believes that God communes with and inspires the soul that quietly and obediently awaits what he speaks to the inward man.

Whittier's is a religion of the soul, and of the soul's experiences in seeking the higher life. It is largely because he has had no interest in doctrines and institutions that his religion takes on so noble a form in his poetry, and has in it such a lifting power for the spirit. His religion is very simple, but it has in it much of the spirit of Jesus, and much of what has made Christianity effective in the lives of men.

The poetry of Whittier may suggest the question whether the poet may not be a true religious teacher. It may also suggest the question whether poetry is not more likely to interpret religion in the right spirit than either theology or science. The religion which is to be effective in the lives of men cannot be based wholly or mostly on intellectual considerations; rather it must be based on those considerations which are more powerful with the poet than with the scientist or theologian. It is not a question of doctrine, nor mainly a question of truth; but far more than all it is a question of sentiment and ideal aspiration. The spirit in which we regard the universe, and the spirit in which we live, these are the main elements in the great problem of religion. So regarding it the poet becomes one of the most inspiring of teachers. He is to be followed when we repudiate the theologian for his too much doctrine and the scientist for his too much logic.

Having such considerations as these in view we shall find in Whittier one of the best of the religious teachers of our time, one who is least likely to fail us when he is most needed, and one who gives us more of the pure essence of religion than almost any other. The inward life of faith and love is made most emphatic in his poetry, and it is identified with religion itself. What is merely outward, what is of mere form and authority, find in Whittier little to interest and to inspire; but the soul's union with God in trust and peace ever receives from him just and worthy recognition. In the inmost spirit of his religion he is most truly Christian, but he is most radical in his repudiation of what is perfunctory and institutional. The form is nothing to him, the letter is worthless and even worse; it is with him the spirit only that inspires and that gives the indwelling presence of God.

Much that Whittier has written is not likely to live as a permanent literary possession; but he has given us enough which has enduring life in it to insure him a lasting place among our poets. His place may be a humble one; but it is a place of worth, because of its power to inspire right living and noble sentiments. He has the gift of inspiring the heart with love, and of making us desire to live in the spirit of consecration. The world looks brighter and more beautiful seen with his help, and it has much in it to make us rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of hope.

GEORGE W. COOKE.

Dedham, Mass.

"Miracles are doomed; they will drop out, like fairies or witch-craft, from among the matters which serious people believe."

LITERARY NOTES.

We shall begin in our next issue a series of eight articles entitled "Palestine To-day," by Miss Cora A. Benneson, M. A., a graduate of the University of Michigan, who has spent two years in travel, visiting all the more important countries of the world, and spending considerable time in Palestine. These articles will give a graphic picture of how the land, every hill and valley and village of which has been made familiar and sacred through its association with Bible events, appears to-day to a bright, educated, earnest American woman.

In the line of travel, too, Mr. and Mrs. Sunderland will furnish to the *Unitarian* within the next few months a number of articles on their recent visit to Europe.

With the new year we shall begin a new department in the magazine, entitled, "Echoes from the Liberal Pulpit," giving brief, pointed, suggestive utterances from as many as possible of the liberal preachers of the country.

The London *Inquirer* says that the first edition of Dr. Martineau's "Study of Religion" is exhausted, and that a new edition is being issued.

Professor Robertson Smith, of Oxford, has just published a new book, on "The Religion of the Semites."

We have received from the Unitarian Sunday School Society its annual appeal for contributions from our churches. This Society aims to advance the general interests of our Sunday-schools, and is one of our most important organizations. It publishes "Every Other Sunday," and most of our Sunday-school manuals. It can not continue its work without the support of our churches. Why should not each church in our body give the Sunday School Society a place when it plans its annual contributions?

A correspondent sends us the following altered form of the familiar child-prayer, which may make it more acceptable to some:

Now I lay me down to sleep;
Safe in thy hands my being keep;
And when with morning light I wake,
Plain every path of duty make.

A little book of eighty pages, "Golden Sentences and Poems," has been prepared by the ladies of the First Unitarian Church of Oakland, Cal. It is sold for 50 cents.

The Universalist Publishing House has now in press a book of "Doctrinal and Practical Essays," by Revs. A. N. Alcott, Henry Blanchard, E. L. Rexford, D. D., O. Cone, D. D., Richmond Fisk, D. D., Charles Fluhrer, D. D., and other leading ministers of the denomination. The introduction is by Dr. H. W. Thomas, and the book is edited by Dr. O. Cone.

A series of particularly vigorous and timely sermons on "The Ideal Commonwealth," preached last spring by Rev. Thomas J. Van Ness, in Denver, Col., have been published in pamphlet form. The first sermon of the series is on "Social Equality;" the second, "Are Women to Blame?" the third, "What is Wrong in the Present Economic Conditions;" the fourth, "Was Christ a Socialist?" the fifth, "Proclamation of the Message;" the sixth, "The Duty of the Ideal Church; or the Inspiration of Humanity."

The *Atlantic Monthly* will give its readers the coming year a serial story from the pen of Mrs. Margaret Deland, the author of "John Ward, Preacher."

Now that the Orthodox Congregationalists and the Unitarians have established colleges at Oxford, England, the Methodists are beginning to agitate the question of doing the same.

The leading article in *Our Day* for October is upon "Prospects of Unitarianism in Japan," by Rev. F. T. Isé, of Tokyo. He urges that the great danger which threatens the Unitarian movement in his country is its possible alliance with men, high in influence and character, but without any interest in religion, who want not a real but only a nominal Christianity, and whose adhesion to Unitarianism may prove to be given for the purpose of getting for the Japanese people the name of being a Christian nation, with simply political and social ends in view.

It may not be generally known that of the five Bryant brothers all except William Cullen, the poet, emigrated to Illinois, nearly sixty years ago. The youngest brother, John H. Bryant, still lives in the enjoyment of a serene and honored old age, in Princeton, Ill. William Cullen is usually spoken of as *the* poet, but John H. is *also* a poet of no mean ability. A sonnet to Whittier from his pen has just been sent by a friend to the *Boston Commonwealth.* Though its author is eighty-two years old, its vigor suggests the man of forty.

WHITTIER.

O venerable man! before whose sight,
For four-score years has swept the tide of things,
The rise and fall of Empires, States, and Kings,
And man's great progress in the path of right.
Friend of the bondman, when his friends were few;
Our hearts were thrilled by thee in days gone by,
With glorious songs for truth and liberty,
That rang like trumpet peals our country through,
Yet not for these alone, nor length of days,
The blessings of mankind are with thee now;
The halo of a life of goodness plays

With tender radiance round thine honored brow.
The broken fetters of the ransomed slave
Shall emblems be to deck thy sacred grave.

The paper which represents better than any other in this country the most liberal and progressive side of orthodoxy, is unquestionably the *Christian Union*, of New York. It once shared this honor with the *Independent*, but for some years past the *Independent*, although still maintaining much of its old ability, has ceased to be a leader in religious thought; it is now rather a defender of the old order than a seeker for a better new. On the distinctly literary side the *Independent* may possibly be said to be the superior; but as a representative of a warm, earnest Christianity, as a quickening force coming into the home with a living message for every member, from oldest to youngest, and also as an interpreter of religion on the broadest lines that orthodoxy will allow, the *Christian Union* seems to us clearly at the head of the religious press of this country, and indeed to have no real rival in England unless we must except the *Christian World* of London.

Of course in saying this we recognize its serious limitation. It is tethered to a theological system which the reason and scholarship of the modern world are more and more discarding—a system that is fast passing away. Doubtless by its teachings it is helping the public to let go of that system gradually and without much shock; and this is an important work, perhaps important enough to justify the maintenance of a paper on the basis occupied by the *Christian Union*. Yet one cannot but deeply regret that at least one of those two strong religious weeklies of New York, which a few years ago were rival leaders in liberal Christian thought, should not have advanced to the clear position of a Christianity untrammeled by the traditions, dogmatisms and mythologies of the past.

Surely the time has come when New York ought to have a paper devoted to the work of helping to lead the world over into the promised land of that thoroughly reasonable as well as ethical and practical Christianity which alone can meet the demands of the enlightened ages coming.

THE REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES.

We name below some of the more important articles in the magazines and reviews of the month.

Andover Review (November).

The New Prison Law of New York. By Charles A. Collin.

A Plea for Endowed Newspapers. By Charles H. Livermore.

The Arabian Brothers of Purity. By Edward Hungerford.

Unitarian Review (November).

Religion in the Court of Reason. By R. W. Black.

Spirit and Letter. By H. D. Catlin.

Symbolism in Religion. By A. B. Curtis.

Yima. A Persian Apologue. By J. V. Blake.

The Minister's Mental Outfit. By J. H. Allen.

North American Review (November).

Is Divorce Wrong? By Cardinal Gibbons, Bishop Henry C. Potter, and Robert G. Ingersoll.

Our National Conceits. By Murat Halstead.

The Corroboration of Professor Huxley. By John Burroughs.

Lend a Hand (November).

Improved Dwellings for the Poor and National Pensions.

The Boston Political Class.

The Mohonk Conference. By Samuel J. Barrows.

The Sanitarian (October).

Present State of Sanitary Knowledge, and the Economies of its Application. By Sir Edwin Chadwick.

Heating and Ventilation of Public Buildings. By Thos. Elkinton.

Physiological Condition and Sanitary Requirements of School-Life and School-Houses. By A. N. Bell.

Atlantic Monthly (November).

Character of Democracy in the United States. By Woodrow Wilson.

The French-in-Canada. By Eben Greenough Scott.

The Century (November).

Present Day Papers. The Problems of Modern Society. By Wm. C. Langdon.

The Grolier Club. By Brander Matthews.

Adventures in Eastern Siberia. By George Kennan.

Scribner's Magazine (November).

Where Emin Is. By H. G. Prout.

A New Field of Honor. By James E. Pilcher.

Goethe's House at Weimar. By Oscar Browning.

A NOTE FROM DR. BIXBY.

Editor of the Unitarian: As I took the liberty, in your last issue, of making certain strictures upon the constitution then proposed for the new National Alliance of Unitarian Women, permit me to state that the amendments introduced by the Constitution Committee themselves at Philadelphia and now adopted by the new organization, seem to me entirely to have removed the objections to which I then called the attention of your readers. In the form in which the new organization now presents itself as a National Alliance of Unitarian and other Liberal Christian

Women, with an express provision in Article 3d, that all money contributed to its "National Treasury shall be expended only for such work as shall be in harmony with the American Unitarian Association and the National Conference of Unitarian and other Christian churches,"—the Women's National Alliance seems to be free from the dangers formerly anticipated.

I therefore hope that the various branches of the Women's Auxiliary and other Women's organizations in the limits of our denomination will unite with it, as a step promotive both of greater efficiency and future harmony.

JAMES T. BIXBY.

Yonkers, N. Y., Nov. 9, 1889.

FROM MR. SNYDER.

Editor Unitarian. My Dear Sir:—The *Unity* of November 16th contains these words:

"The 'mum' policy which has been perhaps both the despair and the strength of the meetings of the American Unitarian Association in Boston, secured effective control of the National Conference at this session. The atmosphere of the place seemed to conspire to keep down all spontaneity concerning great and important questions. Among the delegates there were plenty of questions, protests and inspiring ideals, but there seemed to be no time nor place for their utterance."

As a member of the Council by whose hands the program of the Conference was shaped, I desire to utter a protest against any such statement going to a western constituency uncorrected. How far the "atmosphere" of the place "conspired" to keep down "spontaneity," and with whom the "atmosphere" conspired for that purpose, is naturally beyond my knowledge. But there was certainly nothing in the program, or in the minds of the Council, that "conspired" to that end. A single glance at the program will reveal this. The sermon was preached by Dr. Furness, on Monday evening. The morning of Tuesday was given to the various reports of the local conferences. On Tuesday evening there were three papers on the general subject of the "Revival of Faith." These papers were given by Messrs. Calthrop, Ames, and Jones. The devotional exercises of Wednesday morning were in the hands of Mr. Gannett. At 10 A. M., Wednesday, there were four papers upon the "Liberal Christian Ministry" by Messrs. Abbot, Sunderland, J. H. Allen, and Tunis. On Thursday evening three speeches were made by Messrs. Savage, Hale, and Curtis. Let any unprejudiced person look over this list, and he will see that some of the most important papers and speeches of the Conference were given by gentlemen who are, doctrinally at least, in sympathy with the Western Conference, and personally in the closest fellowship with its leaders. Surely these gentlemen did not "conspire" with the "atmosphere" to repress spontaneity. More than this, the senior editor of the *Unity* was a member of the Council which formed the program, and I never heard of any protest made by him against any feature of it while it was in process of construction. In the same number of the *Unity* a correspondent mentions the applause with which Mr. Abbot was greeted when he mounted the platform of the Academy of Music, and the still greater applause that followed his able address. Certainly Mr. Abbot did not feel that the "atmosphere" had "conspired" to lessen *his* "spontaneity." There were some utterances made by Mr. Abbot which had a tendency to charge the "atmosphere" with depressing influences for all who held the too prevalent and shallow notions concerning the relations of Ethics and Religion, but the governing body of the Conference was not responsible for that. Very truly,

JOHN SNYDER.

St. Louis, Nov. 21, 1889.

NEWS FROM THE FIELD.

Ann Arbor, Mich.—Mr. Sunderland is giving a course of six Sunday evening lectures on "India and its Religions," under the following topics:

1. India: Its Land and People; a Glance at its History and Civilization.
2. The Religion of the Ancient Vedas.
3. Brahmanism. The Literature of India. Caste.
4. Buddha: His Life, Teachings and Character.
5. Buddhism: Its Later Developments; its Sacred Books; its Missionary Spirit; its Expulsion from India; its Spread to other Lands.
6. The Present Religious Situation in India; the Brahmo Somaj; Christian Missions.

—The meetings held at Ann Arbor by Secretary Reynolds, Rev. E. A. Horton and Rev. T. R. Slicer (Mr. Batchelor was prevented by illness from being present) were large and full of enthusiasm. Mr. Horton preached in the morning, Mr. Slicer spoke to the Students' Bible Class at noon, and all three spoke in the evening, on "The Religion Needed To-day." The three or four hundred young men and women who heard will not soon forget these meetings.

Big Rapids, Mich.—Mr. Curtis, the Unitarian minister here, has been preaching at Boone, a new town on the T. and A. A. railway. The people seem anxious to have a Unitarian society; the school teacher will read sermons for them on Sunday.

Boston and Vicinity.—The chief topic of interest just now is the West Church. It is now above a year since Dr. Bartol was able to preach, and though he has recovered a fair amount of health, there

is hardly any prospect at his age of his being able to resume his public ministrations. Last winter his pulpit was supplied by the "Boston Association of Ministers," but this winter it was felt that it was better not further to delay the inevitable, and Dr. Bartol gave in his resignation, which was reluctantly accepted by the society. Now, the question has arisen, What shall be done with the church? The old society has dwindled to a small body of about thirty-three proprietors, and some of these are merely trustees of former members. The church itself is in a part of the city almost abandoned by its former population, and increasingly populated by Catholics. There is now hardly any place for an independent congregation there, and the missionary work necessary is quite sufficiently supplied by the Bulfinch Place Chapel which is within one hundred yards distance. Under these circumstances some of the proprietors, more especially those who have merely retained a business interest, have been in favor of simply selling and dividing the property. Most, however, of those who continued with Dr. Bartol to the last, feel that such a course would be unworthy even if barely legal, and the majority of these were in favor of handing over the property to the Benevolent Fraternity. At the same time the Suffolk Conference proposed to the proprietors to have the church lighted so that evening services could be held there, and so it might be continued where it is. It was found, however, that the property could not simply be given away, as to the Benevolent Fraternity, without absolute unanimity on the part of the proprietors; while the standing Committee declined the proposal of the Suffolk Conference, feeling that it would simply involve the same problem as now in the course of another six months. Under these circumstances another proposition has been submitted, namely, that they should merely *remove* the church, as several of our old city churches have been removed, for which it is believed only a majority-vote would be necessary. The suggestion is that it should be moved to the populous district springing up at the farther end of Huntington Avenue, and merge into itself the church of the Good Samaritan already started there. Thus amidst all these conflicting suggestions and with the reporters constantly at their heels, the proprietors are having a pretty hard time of it. But they include some of our most public spirited laymen, and there is no fear but they will ultimately find some good destination for the property.

—The Church of the Good Samaritan on Huntington Avenue has meanwhile gone quietly but steadily forward. For some months a visitation has been carried on among the people in the district to ascertain whether there were really sufficient families interested by the tentative services of last winter to make it worth while to carry the movement forward in permanent form. As forty families were found who expressed a willingness to join the movement, it was decided at once to organize under the State laws. This has now been done. The oversight of the movement, for as long as it shall still need outside help or support, has been taken by the Suffolk Conference, and services are now being held morning as well as evening with a Sunday-school also. Nov. 8th a pleasant little gathering of the new members was held in Dr. Hale's church parlors.

—The Philadelphia Conference still continues to be one of the chief topics of interest and has been discussed at the various ministers' meetings. The general feeling seems to be that it was a very interesting Conference, but that it ought to have been arranged so as to give more opportunity for real *open council* about the great interests at present needing the action of our churches.

—The Channing Club—the junior Unitarian Club of this district—furnished the ushering from among its members. No less than six out of its nine officers were present, and the help that they rendered greatly added to the efficiency of the meetings.

—A little new movement has been begun in Norfolk Street, Dorchester, by a group of the members of Rev. W. I. Lawrance's church (3d Dorchester). They live at some distance from the old church which they have hitherto attended, but now they think there might perhaps be another society formed in that populous suburb of Boston. Mr. Lawrance is very friendly to the movement though it takes away a number of his people. It may be said, however, that there are few of our ministers who can so well afford to let a group of supporters go; for he is sure to replace them soon, his ministry being very successful and his whole church work exceedingly well organized and effective.

—The Second Church Branch of the Women's Auxiliary has sent out 8,000 of Mr. Horton's sermons the past year. This is an admirable list of missionary work.

—The Rev. A. M. Haskell is resigning the West Roxbury church after a ministry there of nineteen years in which he has won universal respect and esteem.

Brooklyn, N. Y.—The programme of work for the year, of the Brooklyn Ethical Society, connected with the Second Unitarian Church, John W. Chadwick pastor, is a systematic study of sociology from the standpoint of evolution. A wide range of topics is given. The society meets alternate Sunday evenings.

Council Bluffs, Ia.—Rev. N. M. Mann, pastor of the Unitarian church in Omaha, has begun preaching in Council Bluffs, just across the river, with hope of eventually organizing a society.

Fresno, Cal.—"Unity Society" is the

name of an organization of Unitarians and other liberal thinkers that has been effected through the efforts of Rev. C. W. Wendté. The society now has seventy-two members, and hopes, with the aid of Mr. Van Ness, soon to have a minister.

Iowa City, Ia.—Rev. Arthur Beavis has resigned his pastorate, but still lives here, and has been asked to supply the Unitarian pulpit as much as he can. During last summer he preached at various places in the State, organizing churches at Newton and Rock Falls. He writes us: "I find that the people *demand* a *theistic basis* of church organization. At one place a very radical scientific man, who has the name of being a materialist, said to me, 'Ordinary common sense dictates that a church cannot be a church without the incorporation of the *God-idea*.' "

Ithaca, N. Y.—The visit of Rev. Messrs. Reynolds, Horton, Batchelor, and Slicer, was the occasion of three interesting meetings in October. At the first of these Rev. T. R. Slicer preached the sermon, and on the afternoon of the following day Rev. J. S. Bush, formerly of Concord, Mass., now of Ithaca, read a thoughtful paper on "Christian Unity and Christian Scholarship." In the evening a platform meeting was held, at which a good audience was stirred by excellent addresses by the visitors, re-inforced by Rev. S. R. Calthrop of Syracuse and Rev. S. H. Camp of Brooklyn.

—The work here has been further stimulated by the sermons of Revs. Brooke Herford and J. Ll. Jones, who kindly accepted the occasion given by their preaching at Sage Chapel, and preached a third time in the evenings of October 13, and November 3, respectively, greeted by a large and grateful congregation. Their messages will be long remembered and valued.

—The Unity Club has held two meetings, the first of which Rev. J. S. Bush addressed, the following one being devoted to an entertainment and reception of students. The interest manifested was greater than ever before, about forty students being present, and the good influence of the Club in University life is assured. At the next meeting Mr. C. C. Platt reads a paper on "Looking Backward," and Prof. J. G. Schurman, Ph. D., will give an address.

—A chorus of students and young ladies of the congregation meets for practice once a week and leads the music on Sunday evening.

—We are pained to get word since the above was put in type, of the death of Rev. J. S. Bush. He was a man of culture, of strong and genial character, and in sympathy with all social reform and humane work. He had not been long in the Unitarian fellowship but was zealous in his new faith, and was greatly esteemed by all who knew him.

La Porte, Ind.—Miss Mila Frances Tupper was ordained minister of the Unitarian church here, on Nov. 7, Rev. Messrs. Jay Belknap, J. Ll. Jones, J. R. Effinger, J. V. Blake, and J. H. Crooker, and Rev. Mrs. Eliza Tupper Wilkes taking parts in the ordination. Rev. W. C. Gannett wrote a hymn for the occasion.

Littleton, Mass.—Rev. W. I. Nichols has closed a five years' ministry here and accepted the call to the Spring Garden Church, Philadelphia.

Madison, Wis.—The report of the Wisconsin Conference, held Oct. 15–17, came too late for publication in our last number. The conference was a very interesting one, and we give a few of the more important facts concerning it. The reports showed that five years ago there were only three churches in this State, now there are fourteen; then there were only three settled ministers, now there are fourteen; then less than three hundred people heard our gospel, now there are more than sixteen hundred. The financial affairs are in a very satisfactory condition. The opening sermon was delivered by Rev. Grindall Reynolds of Boston, Secretary of the A. U. A., upon the subject, "Religion in the World." On Wednesday morning the following subject was discussed: "The Present Relation of Unitarianism to the World of Religious Thought." Rev. E. A. Horton of Boston led the discussion, and was followed by Rev. George Batchelor of Lowell. At the afternoon session Rev. H. D. Maxon of Menomonie addressed the Conference on "The Attitude of Unitarianism to Other Denominations." Rev. Thomas R. Slicer of Providence, R. I., delivered the evening sermon, taking for his subject, "Is Humanity in Eclipse?" The final session of Thursday morning was opened with a business meeting. Officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows: President, Rev. J. H. Crooker, Madison; Vice Presidents, Prof. W. T. Allen, Madison, and Mrs. Rust, of Eau Claire; Secretary, Rev. Lloyd Skinner, Baraboo; Treasurer, Hon. Ransom Jackson, Baraboo; Secretary P. O. Mission, Mrs. M. S. Savage, Cooksville. Rev. C. F. Elliott, of Janesville, addressed the Conference on the subject, "Have We a Religion?" and President Forbush gave the final address answering the question, "What Do We Mean When We say God?"

Michigan.—We regret to say that President O. Clute, of Michigan Agricultural College, has been obliged, from press of other duties, to resign the presidency of the Michigan Unitarian Conference, to which he was recently elected.

Midland, Mich.—Under the auspices of the Unity Club of the Midland church, of which L. R. Daniels is pastor, a course of five lectures has been arranged to be given during the winter by Rev. S. H. Roblin of Bay City, President O. Clute of the Agri-

cultural College, Rev. J. T. Sunderland of Ann Arbor, Prof. A. W. Gould of Manistee, and Rev. A. G. Jennings of Toledo, O. The work of the club, under its adults', boys', and girls' circles, opens for the year with promise.

Oakland, Cal.—A circular, showing the plan for the proposed new Unitarian church building has been sent out by the First Unitarian Church, of which Rev. C. W. Wendté is pastor. A finely located site was purchased a year ago; and the society wish to erect, during the coming year, a handsome stone church, which, beside having a large auditorium, will provide rooms for all the needs and activities of the society.

Saco, Me.—*The Outlook* is a little paper of eight pages published by the Lookout Committee of the Second Parish, and is designed to make known the church and its lines of work and to quicken the interest of its members. The first number contains selections of prose and poetry showing the trend of Unitarian thought, extracts from sermons of the pastor, Rev. J. L. Marsh, and the By-Laws of the church.

Sacramento, Cal.—The *Daily Record* prints the dedicatory sermon of Rev. C. P. Massey, preached on the entrance of the Unitarian Society upon its occupancy of the new building known as the Pythian Castle, whose use has been given to the Unitarians for their regular Sunday worship. Mr. Massey spoke cordially of those great benevolent fraternities that are growing up in our own and other lands, but thought that these did not make less necessary the Liberal Christian church, whose object is to promote at once love to God and love to man. He said:

"Through the changing processes of thought religion has not departed from the world, nor has man's need of the comfort it supplies in any measure abated. A great consolation comes, however, as God is no longer seen as an

'Ebbing tide that left
Strewn with dead miracles those eldest shores,'

but is felt as present yet in living miracles and through access of moral power."

Springfield, Mass.—In place of the Monthly Calendar heretofore issued by the Church of the Unity, there has appeared "The Liberal Christian: a monthly journal of literature, citizenship and religious liberty," a newspaper, 12 in. by 10½, for local circulation. It consists of twelve pages of matter, and contains besides "notes and events," two leaders, a sermon, literary notices and church items. It will be published the 1st of each month, and will be widely distributed throughout the district. The subscription price is one dollar per annum. It is edited and published by the pastor.

Winona, Minn.—From a young worker in the new Unitarian society here we receive the following letter, which we commend to all our readers:

A LETTER AND AN APPEAL.

Editor of the Unitarian: I would like to tell you something of our little girls' club here in Winona, thinking that perhaps some of your readers might like to help us do all that we want to do this winter. There are sixteen of us, most all in our Sunday-school in the Unitarian church. We call ourselves the Lend-a-Hand Club, because we are helping to build our new church by meeting once a week and sewing, making pretty fancy things to sell at a fair. Now we want to have a fair all our own in December; and we thought if many people knew about us, somebody might like to send us something for our sale, because it is a good cause and we girls would be so much obliged.

Please send any such articles to Miss May Clark, Secretary, 428 W. Broadway, Winona, Minn.

JOTTINGS.

It cannot be repeated too often that what is called orthodox theology is, in fact, an immense misunderstanding of the Bible, due to the junction of a talent for abstruse reasoning with much literary inexperience. —*Matthew Arnold.*

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes advises young men not to smoke. "It is liable to injure the sight," he says, "to render the nerves unsteady, to enfeeble the will, and to enslave the nature to an imperious habit likely to stand in the way of a duty to be performed."—*New York Tribune.*

The bitterest tears shed over graves are for words left unsaid and deeds left undone. "She never knew how I loved her." "He never knew what he was to me." "I always meant to make more of our friendship." Such words are the poisoned arrows which cruel death shoots backward at us from the sepulcher.—*H. B. Stowe.*

Said Theodore Parker: "Let the world have peace for five hundred years, the aristocracy of blood will have gone, the aristocracy of gold has come and gone, that of talent will also have come and gone, and the aristocracy of goodness, which is the democracy of man, the government *of* all, *for* all, *by* all, will be the power that is. Then, what may we not look for? Hitherto our hero has been of force, his symbol the sword or the sceptre of command. It will not always be so. We are now developing the hand, and shall one day the head, and then the heart."

For *one dollar* we will send the *Unitarian* to *ten persons* for *three months* on *trial.* We want some one in every community to send us the dollar and the ten names.

THE UNITARIAN IN 1890.

With its next number the UNITARIAN *begins a new volume, and its fifth year. Its word will still be, Forward to better things: better service of truth—both in giving it expression and in sending it far and wide; better help to our churches and ministers in their practical work; better, wiser and more earnest efforts*

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The main characteristics of the UNITARIAN *will be the same the coming year as in the past; but one or two new features will be added which we think will be of general interest.*

Now is the time for renewing subscriptions. We take it for granted that those who do not inform us to the contrary want their subscriptions continued right on; but so far as possible payments should be made in advance. Will our friends send their subscriptions promptly.

Help us to get the UNITARIAN *into all our homes. Help us to send it to the thousands who need its word.*

Sample copies will be sent free, on application.

ROBERT COLLYER AND THE LANCASHIRE POET.

Some time ago Samuel Laycock, the Lancashire poet, a member of the Unitarian congregation at Blackpool, forwarded a copy of his poems, "Lancashire Songs, Poems, Tales, and Recitations," to Robert Collyer, with the following verses written on the fly-leaf:

"To the once Yorkshire blacksmith, now parson, I send
This book through a hint dropped by Elliott our friend,
Who ventures to hope you may find in these rhymes
Some thought that may wake up old scenes and old times.
You began at the anvil, and I at the loom,
Our pathway in those days was shrouded with gloom;
But we toiled on in patience—kept pegging along,
Till our pathway to-day gleams with sunshine and song."

In due time Robert Collyer returned the compliment by forwarding Samuel Laycock a copy of "Talks to Young Men," and the following lines:

"Dear Sammy,—
We heerd o' thee mony a time
As a man, wi' a gift for a bit of good rhyme,
But I niver expected a book fra thy hand
Full o' gooid things like these, abaut t'owd mother land.
Wi ta take in return this poor thing fra my pen,
For no reason but this that I did it me sen'.
It's prose to be sewer, but it's honest and trew,
Nay, I'm not sewer I made it, I reckon it grew,
Same as thine, that's so full o' fine natural things,
Nobbut I mun just talk while thaa muses and sings,
And sets folk a-laughin and cryin e' one,
And then stopping to wonder how i' t' warld it were done.
May owd Lancashire thank thee, and Yorkshire be jollier
As thaa sings, is the wish o' thy friend,
ROBERT COLLYER.
"Done on t' Isle of Manhattan this 14th o' March,
When t' buds are just swelling on t' maple and larch."

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REV. MINOT J. SAVAGE, Pastor of the Church of the Unity, Boston, contributes an article on Agencies that are working a Revolution in Theology, which should be read by all having faith in the ultimate triumph of Christianity.

RABBI SOLOMON SCHINDLER, claimed by the Boston *Herald* to be one of the brainiest and most original thinkers on the continent, contributes an original article on the Use of History in the Public Schools.

MARY A. LIVERMORE'S paper in this issue entitled Centuries of Dishonor is unquestionably one of the ablest productions of this gifted woman.

GEORGE E. McNEILL, the eminent labor advocate, replies to Austin Corbin's strictures on labor organizations in the September *North American Review;* a powerful argument which all laboring men should read.

Among other leading thinkers who contribute to this issue are

HELEN CAMPBELL, Causes of Poverty;
PROF. J. RODES BUCHANAN, Development of Genius;
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